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BWS



# STORY HOUR READINGS

## FIFTH YEAR

BY

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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Illustrations by

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## PREFACE

IN the first four years children have gained a working mastery of the mechanics of easy reading. As they have advanced, an increasing share of their time has been given to silent reading.

In the Fifth Year there should be continued attention to the responsibility of cultivating good reading habits with the purpose in mind of laying properly the foundation for the important business of learning how to study. Children should be given plenty of varied and virile reading material. Supplemental reading sets in school libraries and elsewhere should be used to encourage wide and general reading. The teacher should undertake from time to time to test pupils on their speed, accuracy, and ability to gather the chief ideas of the author. Such work is easily made the basis of oral and written English, thus effecting that correlation of activities which all teachers recognize as especially desirable.

Silent reading is entitled to a larger place in the Fifth Year than in the Fourth, but even here it certainly should not displace drill in oral reading, memorization, word study, or dramatization.

This reader undertakes to provide desirable material for work in silent reading without losing sight of the other elements essential in a good Fifth Reader.

**THE READING CONTENT.** Like the *Story Hour Readings, Fourth Year*, most of the selections in this book are strongly

narrative. The stories are both new and old. The character and fitness of a piece, not the date of its production, governed the choice of the editor.

**ARRANGEMENT BY GROUPS.** There is an obvious advantage in grouping kindred reading materials in sections under such captions as: "Daring and Adventure," "Other Lands and Times," "Red-Letter Days," etc. Besides affording some elements of continuity, the plan offers opportunity for comparison and contrast of the treatment of similar themes. It also insures a massing of the effect of the idea for which the section stands. Secondarily, the section divisions break up the solid text, and because of this the pupils feel at frequent intervals that they have completed something definite.

The groupings make no pretense to being mutually exclusive. On occasion a selection may well be transferred to another section. For example, the Washington and Lincoln stories should be used in the proper season in the "Red-Letter Days" section, although it is obvious that they also might belong in "Our Country." Teachers should have no hesitation in breaking across from one section to another when the occasion or the children's interest seems to warrant.

**MECHANICAL FEATURES.** Editor and publisher have spared no pains or expense to make this book attractive to children. The volume is not cumbersome or unwieldy in size. The length of line is that of the normal book with which they regularly will come into contact. The type is clean-cut and legible. The pictures are all drawn by artist specialists. Finally, enough white space has been left in the pages to give the book an "open," attractive appearance. No single item has so much to do with

children's future attitude toward books as the appearance of their school Readers.

**WORD STUDY.** Repeated attention throughout is called to the study of words: spelling, pronunciation, definition, and use in sentences. This is an initial preparation for the use of an elementary dictionary, a copy of which every child should have on his desk at the beginning of the fifth year.

**SOCIALIZED WORK.** Opportunity for dramatization, committee work, and other team activity is presented repeatedly throughout this volume. Wherever the teacher can profitably get the pupils to work in groups she should take advantage of the coöperative spirit and do so.

**CITIZENSHIP.** This means more than the passing phase of so-called Americanization. It means a genuine love of country, a reverence for our pioneer fathers, a respect for law, order, and truth. This Reader is rich in patriotic content. It is hoped that the ethical element in the selections will be found to be forceful as well as pleasing. The book emphasizes throughout the importance of the individual and social virtues. If it can help teachers to make clean, upright, and loyal citizens of our great Republic it will not have been made in vain.

**MANUAL.** The *Teachers' Manual* contains detailed lesson plans and pedagogical helps for each selection in this book; also an introductory article on the Teaching of Reading, which discusses Silent Reading (with detailed directions for speed tests), Oral Reading, Dramatization, Appreciative Reading, Memorizing, Word Study and Use of the Dictionary, Reading Outside of School, Use of Illustrative Material, and Correlation.

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### *DARING AND ADVENTURE*

*Give me a chimney corner and an old book of tales of daring and adventure, and I would not trade my place for a king's. Such stories are even better than the actual experiences; for the reader can have all the thrill without sharing in the hardships and the dangers.*



A BOLD SEA-ROVER (*See page 19*)

## A GREENWOOD HUNTER

BY ELEANOR L. SKINNER



ONE bright sunny morning Robin Hood and Little John were strolling through the fine glades of the forest. They were talking about their merry life in the greenwood.

"Little John," said Robin, "you are now as clever with the long bow and arrow as with your oaken staff."

"Ah, master," laughed Little John, "do you remember how awkward I was at first? It took all your patience to teach me the secret of skillful archery. I shall never forget how my heart leaped for joy the first time I lodged an arrow in the rose garland set fivescore paces distant."

"You can send a gray-goose shaft through the center of the wreath now," said Robin proudly.

"Yes," mused Little John; "many of the greenwood lads can do that, but you are the only one of the band who can split a peeled willow wand set fivescore yards away. You are the champion archer, master."

"It is because I have had long, long practice, Little John," remarked Robin.

The friends walked on in silence until a turn in the road brought into full view a large herd of deer grazing.

"What a splendid sight," said Little John. "'Tis the finest herd I've seen for many a day. Look! Does the noble hart scent danger?"

"He does, Little John," answered Robin, dropping his voice. "Do you not see the gayly dressed hunter standing near yonder great oak tree? I declare he is <sup>10</sup> stringing his bow!"

Little John looked in the direction pointed out by Robin and saw a tall, slender youth, dressed in scarlet, standing near a thick coppice about halfway between the herd and the yeomen. His doublet and stockings <sup>15</sup> were of scarlet silk and a broad scarlet feather curled along one side of his jaunty black-velvet cap.

"A queerly dressed prig for a greenwood hunter," said Little John dryly. "He would make a good target for one of the royal foresters." <sup>20</sup>

"No doubt Lincoln green is the safest color for Sherwood hunters to wear," laughed Robin. "Surely he is master of the bow, Little John. See, he holds it as deftly as one of my yeomen. I wonder who he is! Step into the coppice for a few moments and I will <sup>25</sup> slip along quietly and question him."

The yeoman was so interested in his sport that he did not notice Robin's light footsteps. He raised his

bow, took careful aim at one of the deer, and said aloud, "Now I'll have the best of you for my dinner." Away whizzed the arrow!

"Well shot! Well shot! You have struck the leader of the herd," said Robin stepping forward.

"And you know well how to allow for the light breeze! Will you be one of my yeomen, good youth?"

"Why do you speak to me, sir? Are you a forester?" asked the stranger in surprise.

"I am, indeed," laughed Robin; "the chief forester of Sherwood."

"Then will I have nothing to do with you," said the hunter moving away.

"Hold!" cried Robin. "Stand where you are and answer my questions. From what part of the country are you?"

The youth turned and said sharply, "I've a mind to buffet you well with my fists for an answer."

"Oh!" said Robin, smiling, "I consider buffeting very poor sport."

"I can play at archery if you wish," said the youth angrily, for he was very much annoyed at Robin's manner.

"Why, so can I," said Robin Hood, instantly drawing forth an arrow.

There they stood for a few seconds, covering each other with their bows. Then Robin burst out laughing and said: "Hold your hand, good youth, for one of us

may be killed if we play at archery. It is dangerous sport and I mean to do you no harm, my boy. Come, put up your bow and arrow and let us try our skill with bucklers and swords. It has been a long time since I have had a bit of swordplay. What do you say?"

"As you wish," replied the youth, who now began to believe that Robin was really only seeking a little amusement.

"That bit of flat turf is a good place for our sport," said Robin. "Come!"

In a few moments they were ready with bucklers and broadswords, and from the coppice Little John watched the finest swordplay he had ever seen. They parried and thrust with well-matched skill for almost half an hour, but neither gained the least advantage.

Finally Robin cried out: "Enough, my friend; it has been many a day since I matched skill with such an expert swordsman. Gladly would I welcome you to join my band of merry men, for you are as plucky as you are skillful. May I ask your name, good youth?"

"My name is Gamwell," answered the hunter. "I was born and bred in Maxfield town."

"Gamwell!" cried Robin, looking steadily into the youth's eyes. "Gamwell, from Maxfield town, do you say? Tell me quickly, lad, why did you come to the greenwood?"

"To seek a cousin of mine whom men call Robin

Hood! Can you help me to find him, good forester?" asked the stranger eagerly.

Then Robin clasped the youth in his arms and said tenderly: "You are my aunt Gamwell's child! She died when you were a lad of five years. I am Robin Hood, my boy!"

"Robin Hood! My cousin, Robin Hood!" repeated the youth in amazement. "Had I known you, I never could have held my own in swordplay."

"I am proud of your skill," said Robin, "but tell me, lad, why are you seeking me in the greenwood?"

"Because the most valuable part of my inherited land is claimed by a Norman baron whose estate joins mine. You know well, cousin, what injustice we 15 Saxons suffer under Prince John's tyranny."

"That I do," answered Robin with a sigh. "In the greenwood, my lad, you will find perfect peace. I am glad you have come."

At that moment Little John stepped out of the cop-  
20 pice and walked toward Robin and the stranger.

"You have tarried a long while, master," he said as he drew near. "Are you ready to go?"

"Come forward, Little John," said Robin. "I have pleasant news for you. This youth is Will Gamwell, a 25 cousin of mine, who has come to live with us in the greenwood."

"I am glad to welcome you," said Little John holding out his hand. "You can handle the long bow with

great skill, and master will admit that you can play a clever sword game."

"He can, indeed," said Robin smiling. "But, Little John, if he comes to the greenwood he must have a new name. What shall it be?"<sup>5</sup>

"It is easy to guess his favorite color, master," said Little John, with a twinkle in his eyes as he glanced at the youth's doublet and stockings. "Why not call him Scarlet?"

"Scarlet!" quoth Robin merrily. "Will Scarlet! <sup>10</sup> Well chosen, Little John! Cousin, from this day you shall be called Will Scarlet, and I name you my chief man, next to Little John. Come, let us go to the trysting tree and join the other lads. You shall have a merry feast with us and later you shall hear the greenwood rules which my men faithfully keep."

"Master Robin, may I give my first quarry to your band?" asked the youth.

"To be sure, lad," said Robin. "We are in need of venison."<sup>20</sup>

Now Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John  
Are walking over the plain  
With a good fat buck which Will Scarlet  
With his strong bow had slain.

— *Tales and Plays of Robin Hood.*

1. Dramatize this story. How many persons are needed to do so?
2. Find all you can about Robin Hood. Who was he?
3. List the unusual words in the lesson and find their meaning.

*Silvert*

## A BOLD SEA-ROVER

BY AGNES VINTON LUTHER

The Norsemen were hardy and daring seamen. They discovered Iceland and Greenland, and sailed their little craft to the shores of North America five hundred years before Columbus made his voyages across the Atlantic. Eric the Red and his son Leif the Lucky are the greatest of the Norse sea-rovers.

**A**MONG the vessels which left Iceland for Greenland was one commanded by Bjorn, a sailor, whose father had preceded him to the western country. On the way to Greenland, Bjorn was driven far out of his course by a great gale.

"Where are the sea god and his daughters carrying me?" he cried in rage. "South, south, south, they are sending me, when the land I seek lies to the north." Up and down the vessel's deck he stamped, little dreaming that he was sailing toward a land a thousand times more beautiful than Greenland, Iceland, or even Norway.

When the wind fell it left the little Iceland vessel near the shore of a land where magnificent trees came down to the water's edge. Great masses of pink flowers blossomed along the shore; the air was mild and birds flew from tree to tree, singing among the branches.

"Let us land," pleaded the sailors. "There was never such a wonderful country as this to which the storms have driven us."

"No," said Bjorn; "this is not Greenland. This is not the land we have crossed the seas to find and we will waste no time here." In spite of all that anyone could do, Bjorn allowed no one to go ashore, but insisted on sailing northward. When he reached<sup>5</sup> Greenland, and Eric the Red heard of the land he had seen, he burst into one of his rages.

"Fool, fool!" he cried. "Why did you not land and take possession of it in the name of Norway? You have missed the one great chance of your life. Get<sup>10</sup> you hence and never let me see your face again."

Now Eric the Red had a son, Leif, called Leif the Lucky, who had his father's same venturesome spirit. When he heard Bjorn's story he longed to go and find this new land in the south. At last he went to<sup>15</sup> Bjorn and begged him to sail with him to the new country. Leif found him carving a rune, or saying, on an oar which he was making for an old fishing boat that had been nearly wrecked on his last trip. These were the words, "Oft was I tired when I drew thee."<sup>20</sup>

"Come," said Leif the Lucky, "be my guide to the Southland. You shall be master of the ship and your words shall be obeyed."

"No," answered Bjorn. "Bad fortune follows any expedition which I make."<sup>25</sup>

Leif pleaded in vain, though he finally persuaded Bjorn to sell him the vessel in which he had made his famous voyage. In addition to this, Bjorn gave him

as full directions as he could as to the route to be followed.

"Make your father the leader of the expedition," said Bjorn bitterly. "He cursed me for not landing.  
Now let him claim the country he seemed to think so valuable!"

"I will gladly ask him," said Leif, "but only because I love him and would rather honor would come to him than to myself."

Eric's imagination was all on fire with the thought of commanding the ship that should rediscover the beautiful country to the south. Unfortunately, on the day of the sailing, as Eric rode to the shore to go on board, his horse slipped and threw him.

"A bad omen," said Eric frowning; "the Fates have shown me that I am not to go." So in spite of all persuasion he resigned the leadership to his son and refused even to set foot upon the vessel. So the little exploring ship sailed away with her crew of thirty-five men, some of whom had been Bjorn's sailors.

For days and days they sailed, and finally sighted a shore covered with flat stones.

"Is this the land we seek?" asked Leif's companions.

"No, it cannot be the one Bjorn told us of. This dreary shore could be called nothing but Helluland, or Flat Stone Land. We will sail further."

After several days they came in sight of the long-looked-for country of trees, sunshine, birds, and flowers.



Here the explorers landed, laughing, singing, and clapping one another on the back with joy.

"Now what say you?" said one of the oldest among them. "Who can deny that Leif is Leif the Lucky? Has he failed us once in what he undertook? Never!"<sup>5</sup> And the warrior's eyes glistened as he watched the young chief striding up the beach, eager to explore more of the new country.

Leif Ericsson little dreamed that guided by Bjorn he was the first to discover and land upon a new continent. Yet it was so. The Norsemen discovered America nearly five hundred years before Columbus.

Leif and his little group of companions settled down upon the shore, built booths, or shelters, for the climate was mild, and hunted in the forests which<sup>15</sup> stretched to the west. In their small boats they explored the shores to the north and south. Others wandered far inland. On one of these trips Tyrker, a jolly German of whom they were very fond, was missing when the party returned home. Just as Leif<sup>20</sup>



was becoming anxious about him, he appeared, laden down with vines.

“Grapes! Grapes!” he called out, wild with delight over his find. He quickly set to work and made wine, as he had seen it made in Germany.

“Vinland! Vinland, will we call this wonderful country! All hail the land of grapes and wine!” shouted the delighted Norsemen.

Leif’s little colony remained for a year and then returned to Greenland laden with treasures of fruit, nuts, lumber, and skins. Leif’s voyage was talked of in every house in Greenland, the news soon reaching Iceland and Norway, where it was told over and over.

— *Trading and Exploring.*

1. Who were the Norsemen? By what names do we now know the countries which they inhabited? When did Columbus make his first voyage? When did the events of this story take place?

2. Sketch roughly from your geographies a map of their northern lands, also Iceland, Greenland, and northeastern North America. Mark on it a probable route by which the Norsemen sailed to find America.

# INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

BY ROBERT BROWNING

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon :  
A mile or so away,

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

5

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

10

Let once my army leader, Lannes,

Waver at yonder wall;" —

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew

15

Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy :

You hardly could suspect —

20

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace  
We’ve got you Ratisbon !

The Marshal’s in the market place,

And you’ll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart’s desire,

Perched him !” The chief’s eye flashed ; his plans

Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed ; but presently

Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother eagle’s eye

When her bruised eaglet breathes ;

“You’re wounded !” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride

Touched to the quick, he said :

“I’m killed, Sire !” And his chief beside,

Smiling the boy fell dead.

1. What is an incident? Who relates this incident? Do you think he was an officer?

2. Who are the chief figures in this incident? Read the lines in the first stanza that describe Napoleon. Stand as he stood.

3. Read the lines that tell us: (a) Of what Napoleon may have been thinking; (b) How his thoughts were interrupted; (c) That the messenger was happy, proud, and brave.

4. What was the message? What part had the boy taken in the capture of Ratisbon?

5. What does the last stanza tell you of the character of Napoleon? Of the boy?



## A FOREST ON FIRE

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

WE WERE sound asleep one night, when about two hours before day the snorting of our horses and lowing of our cattle, which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us. I took my rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods.

My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them in great confusion. On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood and saw the flames coming toward us in a far-extended line.

I ran to the house and told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us.

We then mounted our horses and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, kept close to me, and my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us and had already laid hold of the house.

By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had passed they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that was the last we saw of them. My dogs too, although at all other times easily managed, ran after the deer that in great numbers sprang before us as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same unfortunate condition that we were in ourselves.

Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, where the flames might possibly be checked and we might find a place of safety. Urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

By this time we were suffering greatly from the effects of the heat and we were afraid that our horses would be overcome and drop down at any moment. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads and the glare of the burning trees shone more brightly<sup>5</sup> than the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face that when she turned toward either of us our grief and anxiety were greatly increased.

10

Ten miles are soon gone over on swift horses, but yet when we reached the borders of the lake we were quite exhausted and our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief.

15

We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the sheltered side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again.

We plunged down among the rushes by the edge of the water and laid ourselves down flat to await the<sup>20</sup> chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water greatly refreshed us and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a morning may we never again see!<sup>25</sup> The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened. All above us was a bright-red glare, mingled with dark, threatening clouds and black smoke.

Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

The day passed on and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine and we all tasted its flesh.

The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smoldering fires covered the ground and the trees stood like pillars of fire or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick around us.

When morning came everything about us was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us I did not know. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was soon remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened.

By this time the blaze of the burning forest was beyond our sight, although the remains of the fires of the night before were still burning in many places and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting for some time we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child in my arms I led the way over the hot ground and rocks: and after two

weary days and nights of suffering, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last succeeded in reaching the hard woods, which had been free from the fire. Soon after, we came to the house of a lumberman where we were made welcome and treated with all the kindness and hospitality of the frontier.

1. John James Audubon (1780-1851) is one of America's foremost naturalists. He is best known as a lover of birds, and his book, *The Birds of America*, has been an authority for three quarters of a century. It was while traveling about from his birthplace in Louisiana throughout the Middle West that the above exciting incident occurred. What society is named for him?

2. What experiences have you had with fire? How does our government try to prevent forest fires? How do such fires start? What can you do to keep fires from starting? Why should everybody try to conserve our forests?

## TO THE ADVENTURER

By JACK LONDON

THEN here's to the man on trail this night.  
May his dogs keep their legs. May his grub hold out. And may his matches never miss fire.



## OBED'S PUMPKINS

BY JAMES JOHONNOT

MOVING was serious business ninety years ago, when the Moore family migrated to Ohio, for everything had to be carried hundreds of miles in a wagon and there was no sending back for anything forgotten. So Obed prudently secured passage for some pumpkin seeds, lest a failure of pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving might annul that festival altogether in the unknown wilderness.

There was only one room in their new house and no regular upstairs at all — only a loft where the boys slept and to which they had to climb on a ladder when they went to bed. Ruth and Dolly slept in the trundle-bed downstairs.

That first winter was a hard one but nobody really suffered. Mr. Moore was clearing up his land, so they had an abundance of fuel; the boys trapped rabbits, and their father's musket kept them supplied with other game; but Mrs. Moore had to measure the flour and meal very carefully, and as for other things, they went without — only once, when Obed found a squirrel's nest in a hollow tree and came in with his pockets full of nuts. *23*

"Little did that rascal know who he was gathering these for," he remarked, as they cracked them on the hearth that evening.

"Yes, and maybe it's little you know who you'll raise your pumpkins for. Injuns, like as not," said Joe.

One morning Dolly declared that she had been wakened in the night by mice in the chimney cupboard. "It *can't* be mice; we're too far from neighbors," said Mrs. Moore, opening the cupboard. Joe climbed upon a chair behind her, and there on the topmost shelf were some nibbled scraps of cloth and paper.

"Oh, Obed!" he exclaimed in dismay, "your pumpkin seeds are all gone!" Just then there was a rustle, and he caught sight of two bright, black eyes. They saw him, too, and another rustle gave him a vanishing glimpse of a bushy tail. "It's squirrels!" he shouted; "Obed, they've come to get their pay for the nuts you stole."

"Oh, dear!" said Obed, "I'd rather have my pumpkin seeds than all the nuts that ever grew. We never shall taste pumpkin pies again, now our seeds are gone."

Weeks afterward they were burning out some stumps in the clearing, when out from a hollow one popped a squirrel. Obed ran to investigate, and, poking around and pulling away the rotten wood, brought to light some rags and bits of paper. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "the identical chap that carried off my pumpkin seeds!" And sure enough, there were the empty shells, and among them — oh, for a vision of the smile that lighted Obed's freckled face! — three whole sound seeds.

All their crops did well that first year, and the way those pumpkin vines bore was a marvel; but no abundance could shake Obed's resolve to reserve the first pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving.

On the preceding Monday, Mr. Moore started for the nearest village to purchase winter supplies. With many brave assurances and secret misgivings, his family saw him set out, for the journey required two days, and the Indians were growing threatening of late. But when the first night had worn away in safety, they began to feel easier, and gave themselves up to the Thanksgiving preparations. *JG*

"Oh, Obed!" said Joe, as late in the afternoon he staggered into the house under a huge yellow pumpkin, "let's make some jack-o'-lanterns; 'twon't hurt the pumpkins for pies." Obed assented, and they had just completed those grotesque horrors and were going out to do the chores, when a man galloped up, and everybody rushed to the door.

"Get ready for the redskins!" he shouted, springing from the saddle, "and give me a fresh horse. They killed a family down the river last night, and nobody knows where they'll turn up next! Husband away? Whew! that's bad! Well, shut up as tight as you can. Cover up your fire, and don't strike a light to-night." And, leaping upon the horse the boys led around, he flew away to warn the next settler.

They made what hasty preparations they were able,

and Mrs. Moore reluctantly yielded to Obed's urgent plea that she would keep the younger children quiet in the loft, while he and Joe watched below.

The two boys crouched beside the hearth listening to every sound. At last Obed crept to the window.<sup>5</sup> A snow flurry had whitened the ground early in the evening, and as he peered out the boy descried shadows moving across the fields. "They're coming, Joe!" he whispered; "stand by that window with the ax, while I get the rifle pointed at this one."<sup>10</sup>

Joe noiselessly stationed himself, and Obed opened the bullet pouch. As his fingers came in contact with the leaden balls, his heart chilled. They were too large for his rifle! They belonged to the musket, and his father had taken the wrong pouch. With a last<sup>15</sup> despairing hope he was feeling in the cupboard for any chance balls that might have been left behind, when he stumbled over something that nearly threw him headlong. It was the forgotten jack-o'-lantern. With a sudden thought he pulled off his coat and flung it<sup>20</sup> over the face of the lantern, then searching in the ashes for a live coal, cautiously lighted the candle within and closed the opening. With every sense sharpened to its utmost, he lifted the pumpkin and went softly toward the window. Ten or twelve dusky figures<sup>25</sup> were stealthily nearing the house, and at the same instant he detected a slight noise at the door.

"They'll sound the war whoop in a minute, if I give

them time," he said to himself. "Now for it!" And he dropped the coat, leaving the grinning monster exposed to view. Mrs. Moore, listening with bated breath in the room above, just then heard an unearthly yell, and fainted dead away. "Quick, Joe! Light up the other one!" exclaimed Obed excitedly, as he saw the savages flying wildly back to the woods.

Joe, with every hair on end, was still standing valiantly at his post, his uplifted ax ready to fall on the first head that should risk an entrance. He had paid no attention to Obed's movements, and was momentarily expecting to hear the roar of the old rifle.

"The other jack-o'-lantern! Don't you see that's what scar't 'em so?" demanded Obed as, emboldened by his success, he bobbed the hideous thing up and down before the window. Joe finally comprehended, and speedily lighting the second one, imitated Obed's lively evolutions with such effect that when Mrs. Moore came to, the yells were dying away in the distance and she heard Obed climbing the ladder.

The anxious mother now gathered her family in the room below, and watched patiently for daylight and her husband. They came together, and the story had to be told all over again. "And so," added Joe, "Obed did raise his pumpkins for the Injuns, after all."

—*Stories of Heroic Deeds.*

1. Retell this story briefly. Try to sketch a picture for one of the scenes. Which scenes are best adapted to illustration?



## THE CAPTIVE

By JOHN R. MUSICK

THERE is no more beautiful and thrilling tale of early pioneer days than the story of Helen Patterson. She was born in Kentucky; but while she was still a child her parents removed to St. Louis County, Missouri, and lived for a time in a settlement called Cold Water, which is in St. Ferdinand township. About the year 1808 or 1809 her father took his family to the St. Charles district and settled only a few miles from the home of the backwoodsman, Daniel Boone.

At the time of this last removal Helen was about eighteen years of age. She was a very religious girl and had been taught to believe that whatever she prayed for would be granted.

Shortly after the family had settled in their new home, bands of prowling savages began to roam about the neighborhood. The Indians would plunder the cabins of the settlers during their absence and drive away their cattle, horses, and hogs.

One day business called all the Patterson family to the village, except Helen. She was busily engaged in spinning, when the house was surrounded by nine Indians. Resistance was useless. She did not attempt to escape or even cry out for help, for one of the savages who spoke English gave her to understand that she would be killed if she did so.

She was told that she must follow the Indians. They took such things as they could conveniently carry, and with their captive set off on foot through the forest in a northwesterly direction. The shrewd girl had brought a ball of yarn with her, and from this she occasionally broke off a bit and dropped it at the side of the path, as a guide to her father and friends, who she knew would soon be in pursuit.

This came very near being fatal to Helen, for one of the Indians observed what she was doing and raised his hatchet to brain her. The others interceded, but the ball of yarn was taken from her and she was closely watched lest she might resort to some other device for marking a trail.

It was early in the morning when Helen was captured. Her parents were expected to return to the cabin by noon and she reasoned that they would be in pursuit before the Indians had gone very far. As the savages were on foot and her father no doubt would follow them on horseback, he might overtake them before dark. The uneasiness expressed by her captors

during the afternoon encouraged her in the belief that her friends were in pursuit.

A little before sunset two of the Indians went back to reconnoiter, and the other seven with the captive continued on in the forest. Shortly after sunset these two Indians who had fallen behind joined the others, and all held a short consultation which the white girl could not understand.

The conference lasted but a few moments, and then the savages hastened forward with Helen to a creek<sup>10</sup> where the banks were sloping and the water shallow enough for them to wade the stream. By the time they had crossed, it was quite dark. The night was cloudy and distant thunder could occasionally be heard. *g.l.*

The Indians hurried their captive to a place half a mile from the ford and there tied her with strips of deerskin to one of the low branches of an elm. Her hands were extended above her head and her wrists were crossed and tied so tightly that she found it impossible<sup>20</sup> to release them. When they had secured her to their own satisfaction the Indians left her, assuring her that they were going back to the ford to shoot her father and his companions as they crossed it.

Helen was almost frantic with fear and grief. Added<sup>25</sup> to the uncertainty of her own fate was the knowledge that her father and friends were marching right into an Indian ambuscade.

In the midst of her trouble she did not forget her pious teaching. She prayed God to send down his angels and release her. But no angel came. In her distress the rumbling thunders in the distance were <sup>5</sup>unheard, and she hardly noticed the shower until she was drenched to the skin.

The rain thoroughly wet the strips of deerskin with which she was tied, and as they stretched she almost unconsciously slipped her hands from them. Her <sup>10</sup>prayer had been answered by the rain. She hastily untied her feet and sped away toward the creek. Guided by the lightning's friendly glare, she crossed the stream half a mile above the ford and hastened to meet her father and friends.

<sup>15</sup> At every flash of lightning she strained her eyes, hoping to catch sight of them. At last moving forms were seen in the distance, but they were too far away for her to determine whether they were white men or Indians. Crouching down at the root of a tree by <sup>20</sup>the path, she waited until they were within a few rods of her and then cried in a low voice —

“Father! Father!”

“That is Helen,” said Mr. Patterson.

She bounded to her feet and in a moment was at <sup>25</sup>his side, telling him how she had escaped. The rescuing party was composed of her father and two brothers, a neighbor named Shultz, and Nathan and Daniel M. Boone, sons of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone.

She told them where the Indians were lying in ambush and the frontiersmen decided to surprise them. They crossed the creek on a log and stole down to the ford, but the Indians were gone. No doubt the savages had discovered the escape of the prisoner, and knowing that their plan to surprise the white men had failed, became frightened and fled.

Helen Patterson always believed it was her prayers that saved her father, her brothers, and herself in that trying hour.

—*Stories of Missouri.*

10

1. How long did it take you to read this story silently? What parts of the story were not entirely clear to you?
2. List the words you do not understand, and give them to the class to define.
3. Who was Daniel Boone? What stories do you know about him?





## PUTNAM AND THE WOLF

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

**P**UTNAM was a brave soldier who fought many battles against the Indians and afterwards became a general in the Revolution. But this is a story of his battle with a wolf. It took place when he was a young man, before he was a soldier.

Putnam lived in Connecticut. There were still a few wolves in the woods, and one old wolf used to come to Putnam's neighborhood every winter. She always brought a family of young wolves with her, and though the hunters always killed the young wolves, they never could find the old mother wolf. She knew how to keep out of the way.

The farmers, too, tried to catch her in their traps. But she was too cunning, for she had had one good lesson when she was young. She had put the toes of one foot into a steel trap, and the trap had snipped them off. After that she was more careful.

One winter night she went out to get some meat. She came to Putnam's flock of sheep and goats and killed some of them. She found it great fun, for there were no dogs about and the poor sheep had nobody to protect them. So the old wolf kept on killing.<sup>5</sup> Although one sheep was enough for her supper she killed the rest just for sport. She killed seventy sheep and goats that night.

Next day Putnam and some of his friends set out to find the old sheep killer. There were six of them, and<sup>10</sup> they agreed that two should hunt for her at a time and that another two should begin as soon as the first two stopped; so she would be hunted day and night.

The hunters easily found her track in the snow.<sup>15</sup> There could be no mistake about it, for the print made by the foot that had been caught in the trap was shorter than those made by the other feet. But they had a long chase, for the old wolf had gone a long way off. Perhaps she felt guilty. Perhaps she thought that<sup>20</sup> she would be hunted. She had trotted away for a whole night, then turned and gone back again. She was getting hungry by this time and wanted some more sheep.

The men followed her tracks back again, and their<sup>25</sup> dogs drove her into a hole, near Putnam's house.

All the farmers came to help catch their enemy. First they sent the dogs into the cave, but the wolf

bit the dogs and drove them out again. Then they piled straw in the mouth of the cave and set it on fire, filling the cave with smoke. But still the wolf did not come out. Next they burned brimstone in the cave. It must have made the wolf sneeze, but the cave was deep and she went as far in as she could and stayed there. She thought that the smell of brimstone was not so bad as the dogs and men who wanted to kill her.

Putnam wanted to send his negro into the cave to drive out the wolf, but the negro thought that he would rather stay out and finally Putnam said that he would go in himself. So he got some pieces of birch bark and set fire to them.

Putnam, who knew that wild animals do not like to face a fire, then tied a rope to his leg, took the blazing bark in his hand, and crawled on his hands and knees through the small hole into the cave, where there was not room enough for him to stand up.

At first the cave went downwards into the ground, then it was level a little way, then it went upward. At the very back of this part of the cave was the wolf. Putnam crawled up until he could see the wolf's eyes.

When the wolf saw the fire, she gave a sudden growl.

Putnam jerked the rope that was tied to his leg, and the men outside thought that the wolf had caught him. They pulled on the other end of the rope as fast as they could, till they had drawn Putnam out. His clothes

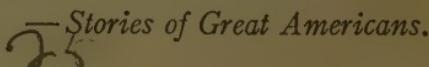
were torn, and he was badly scratched by the rocks, but he never thought of giving up. He now got his gun, and holding it in one hand and the burning birch bark in the other, he crawled into the cave again.

When the wolf saw him coming again, she was very <sup>s</sup> angry. She snapped her teeth and got ready to spring on him. She meant to kill him as she had killed his sheep, but Putnam fired at her head. Then, as soon as his gun had gone off, he jerked the rope and his friends pulled him out. <sup>10</sup>

He waited awhile for the smoke of his gun to clear off, then went in once more, to see if the wolf was dead.

He found her lying down, and he tapped her nose with his birch bark. She did not move, so he took <sup>15</sup> hold of her and then jerked the rope.

This time the men saw him come out, bringing the dead wolf. Now the sheep would have some peace.



*Stories of Great Americans.*

1. What is meant by Putnam's being a "general in the Revolution"? Name some other generals in the Revolution. About what time did Putnam live?
2. Tell the chief events of this story in four statements.
3. What was the most dangerous part of the adventure? Why?
4. What is the most thrilling story of adventure with wild animals that you have heard or read?



## THE RACE TO THE VALLEY

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE great blizzard which had raged over the hills for a week was the worst in eighty years, according to Grandfather Williams. On Monday it was a friendly little snowstorm; by Wednesday it had grown fiercer; and by Friday the snow was piled high, almost, as the eaves about the Williams homestead. Friday afternoon, the sun shone brightly for a time; at night the air was cold and keen; Saturday morning found the great drifts and banks of snow with a frozen crust.

Gordon Williams and his younger brother Ted hailed the appearance of the crust with delight; but before they had a chance to skate or slide upon it, trouble came, sudden and shocking.

They were at dinner when they heard a fumbling at the door and in staggered an exhausted man — La Fren, the little Frenchman who owned the farm above. His eyes, dark and big, were full of terror. He was torn about the knees, and bits of red stain showed on his leggings. In his arms he held something closely wrapped.

"The crust — she is hard, the snow — deep ! I canna get tru ! Meester Williams — my baby — she is seeck ! You can do something ?" he gasped.

Dinner was forgotten. Mrs. Williams took the <sup>10</sup> baby, with a low word of amazement, and unwrapped it. A glance with her mother eyes, and she knew the baby was not only sick but very sick.

She looked at Mr. Williams ; and Gordon, watching her, thought he had never seen his mother look so <sup>15</sup> frightened. All the time Mr. La Fren was telling in his broken English how the baby had caught cold the day before and grown steadily worse ; how he had tried to drive to the village, but his horse could not get through ; then he had tried to walk ; but the deep <sup>20</sup> snow, through the crust of which he had broken at every step, had made his attempt impossible.

"That baby ought to be in a doctor's hands right off. If we could only get to the village or the doctor could get out ! But no team could possibly get through <sup>25</sup> until the road is broken," Mr. Williams said to his wife, his face gray with anxiety. "Every minute is precious ; but what can we do ? What *can* we do ?"

"We must do something. The baby has pneumonia — why, she will — will —" Mrs. Williams could not say the dread word.

Ted, who had been listening, suddenly spoke up:  
5 "Dad, why not let Gordon and me take her to the village, on the bobsled? It's downhill most of the way. Wrap her up well, and we can do it — sure! Can't we, Gordon?" Ted asked excitedly.

Gordon caught Ted's idea. "Of course! Why,  
20 Father, we can coast right into the village, almost. Say we may go!" and he started for his coat.

Mr. Williams stared at the boys, his mouth working. Suddenly he spoke, and his voice was calm: "We can put the baby in a big basket. The crust is heavy  
25 enough to hold up the sled, with its wide runners. Get ready, boys."

They sprang into action at the word. Soon coats, hats, and all the rest of their winter apparel were ready. They hurried out to the barn and drew from  
20 the adjoining shed their beloved bobsled, which they had named "Lightning Tom." Gordon had designed it. It was light, fast, and equipped with a brake, worked by a wheel over the rear runners; the front runners were steered by ropes through pulleys.

25 From the deep paths to and from the barn, they worked the sled up on to the crust. Out of the door of the house came Mr. Williams, a basket wrapped in blankets in his arms. He helped the boys tie it tightly

to the sled. Back of him stood the little Frenchman, talking to himself in his odd broken tongue — it sounded like a prayer. Mrs. Williams stood in the door, tears in her eyes.

They were ready. Mr. Williams looked at them quietly. "Boys, it's a desperate chance, but I believe you'll win. We're banking on you. The telephone wires are down, so you will have to depend on yourselves. No help can be expected from the village, but we have faith in you."

"We'll make it, Dad. Don't worry," Gordon said, taking his place in front; then turning to his brother, "Same old signals, Ted. When my head goes back, turn on the brake."

Ted nodded, and set his hands to the wheel. He<sup>15</sup> lifted his feet to the running board that ran the length of both sides of the sled. He gave the wheel a turn. The two prongs that, sunk in the crust, had been holding the sled on the slope, shot up. The sled picked up speed. They were off.

Gordon set his hands tight to the wooden grips of the steering ropes. Before him lay a vast whiteness, sloping away for miles to the river road. Walls, fences, stone heaps, had disappeared. Only once before had he seen the fields so covered. It was a straightaway<sup>25</sup> course until the bottom of the hill was reached; then the road shot through a stretch of woods.

He was astonished at the speed the fast bobsled

began to show on the icy crust. The wind brought tears to his eyes, and he found it difficult to see clearly. Remembering the precious bundle in the basket, he bent his head back slightly, and felt the whisper of the brakes touching the crust just enough to slow down their speed. Nearing the lower end of the hillside, he bent his head forward, felt the brakes lift, and soon they were shooting through the wood road to the main road, and found it, from fence to fence, an even bank of snow. Only the telephone poles, stretching in stiff lines before him, told him where the road was. He let the sled coast over the level surface until it stopped.

Jumping off, he and Ted seized the pulling ropes, and running lightly, dragged the sled over the flat stretch to the next slope.

They reached it, slipped again into their positions, and were off once more. The road was full of curves, and Ted found that all his skill was necessary. Down the sinking stretch of whiteness they went, going so fast that it seemed to Gordon that the stretch of woods they fled through was a dark wall on each side. His long experience in handling "Lightning Tom" in the races at the school grounds gave him confidence; but his care never relaxed, and he shot around the bends so as to make as wide a curve as possible.

Ted was doing his part. Where the turns were sharp, Gordon heard the brakes bite into the crust,

slowing down their speed just enough to enable the sled to turn the curve without danger.

They were nearing the bottom of the long, twisted hill road. They turned. Gordon gave a cry of horror — before him loomed a great tree, fallen across<sup>5</sup> the road, dark, weird, menacing. He shut his eyes and felt himself go headlong and land with a bruising crash. He scrambled dizzily to his feet. In spite of his whirling senses, he saw something that made him give a tremulous cheer — Ted had set the brakes<sup>10</sup> just in time, and sat white-faced, with his hands glued to the wheel.

“ Whew, that was a close one, Gordon !” was all he said, smiling faintly.

Gordon pulled himself together, wiped the blood<sup>15</sup> from his face where the branches had scratched him when the sudden grip of the brakes had hurled him headlong into the fallen tree, and looked over the fastenings of the basket. It was still tight and snug. Mr. Williams’s experienced hands had tied it on to stay.<sup>20</sup> The baby was under the covers, safe too, thanks to Ted.

They worked the sled around the fallen tree and were off again. They reached the bottom of the hill safely, and there they dismounted, trotting through the swamp and dragging the sled after them to the next<sup>25</sup> slope, where again “ Lightning Tom ” began to skim rapidly over the snow.

Everything went well for a while. The road in

this section was not so full of curves, but another obstacle soon appeared. On the upper road the thick trees of the woodland had prevented drifts and unequal freezing of the crust. In this part open spaces had let the sun in, and closely wooded points had kept it out; as a result, the crust was thin in places.

They were skimming along, when suddenly, with a ripping sound, the front runners cut into the crust, sinking as they went. Again the keen-eyed, alert <sup>10</sup> Ted, on the rear end of the sled, saved the day. They pulled past the weak spot and went on.

Gordon quickly learned to signal where such places appeared, and the danger of going pell-mell through the soft, treacherous crust was averted.

<sup>15</sup> Once more on a level stretch of their dangerous road, tired, heated, but determined more than ever to make their goal, they trotted across the flat and came to the last slope — the slope that dropped away, white and silent, to the valley and the village, a ghostly road <sup>20</sup> in a white world.

At the top, Gordon turned to Ted, solemnly seated at his wheel. "Ted, old boy, stick by 'he wheel. It's the last dash!"

Ted nodded. "Lightning Tom" quickened his <sup>25</sup> speed, and the whiteness sped past Gordon's eyes, softly and smoothly.

"Here's where I must watch out," Gordon warned himself.

He knew that down in the deep gully beside the road the river plunged in great falls and rapids, twisting and turning to the valley. A wrong pull on the steering ropes, and they would go plunging down into the ravine, to destruction among the ice-and-snow-covered bowlders of the river, whose angry strength the blizzard had not checked or hidden.

Faster and faster they went, but at every dangerous place, Gordon, knowing no word of his would reach his brother through the rush of the wind, signaled with his head for the brake; and with the signal came the sound of the iron points breaking into the crust.

Down they went, slowing up for the curves, speeding up beyond. Beside them the ravine gaped, as if yawning greedily.

With a feeling of relief that the danger was lessening, Gordon drew on his right grip as they reached the last curve. His heart jumped. The sled turned, but not enough. He jerked hard — *snap!* and “Lightning Tom” shot for the bank!

Guided only by a wild instinct, Gordon still clung to the ropes. One had broken! The world seemed to tip half over; a vast white hole opened before him! He had the sickening sensation of a relentless something pulling him down into it, slowly, slowly, then — the sled paused.

“I’ve got it!” a shrill voice shouted, and the world seemed to swing back to its normal position.

The scene cleared, Gordon blinked for a moment, then rolled from the sled and sat down, trembling with the strain. He saw what had happened. The steering rope, frayed by hard service on the upper road, had broken; but the sled had been held fast at the very brink of the ravine by the faithful brakes, sent with one whirl of the wheel deep into the crust.

Gordon drew himself up slowly, still shaken by the closeness of his brush with disaster. *21*

"Worse than the tree, Gordon," Ted said, drawing a deep breath, "but it's clear sailing now. Let's fix the rope and then — hustle!" *21*

The dangerous part of their journey was over as Ted had suggested. "Lightning Tom," once more under control, took the road and went gliding with whistling runners into the valley.

Across the wide, snow-buried meadows they could see the white roofs, the curling smoke of the village homes. It cheered them to a last effort, and they changed from a trot into a run. Fences and walls were out of sight, and when they came to the first house to which a road had been broken, they swung away into the open places where the crust was hard..

A man called to them, but they kept steadily on past house after house, and turning at last, swung through the doctor's yard to the porch.

At a shouted summons he came out. He listened in astonishment to their message, then, working with

wonderful swiftness, loosed the basket and hurried into the house.

Gordon and Ted, wearied out with their race against death, sat down and waited. After what seemed a long, long time, the doctor came out, followed by his wife.

His wrinkled face, weather-beaten by wind and sun on his long drives over the countryside, was half smiling and half serious. "Boys, I clean forgot about you. Come right in, and Mother will have a feast ready for you in no time. I'm sorry I left you here, but Mother and I had to look after that youngster right off."

"That's all right about us, sir," Gordon said hastily, "but how's the baby going to be?"

"Going to be all right, I guess," the doctor said a bit seriously, yet with a smile. "She has a splendid chance, anyway."

And at that answer, Gordon and Ted went in, tired but contented.

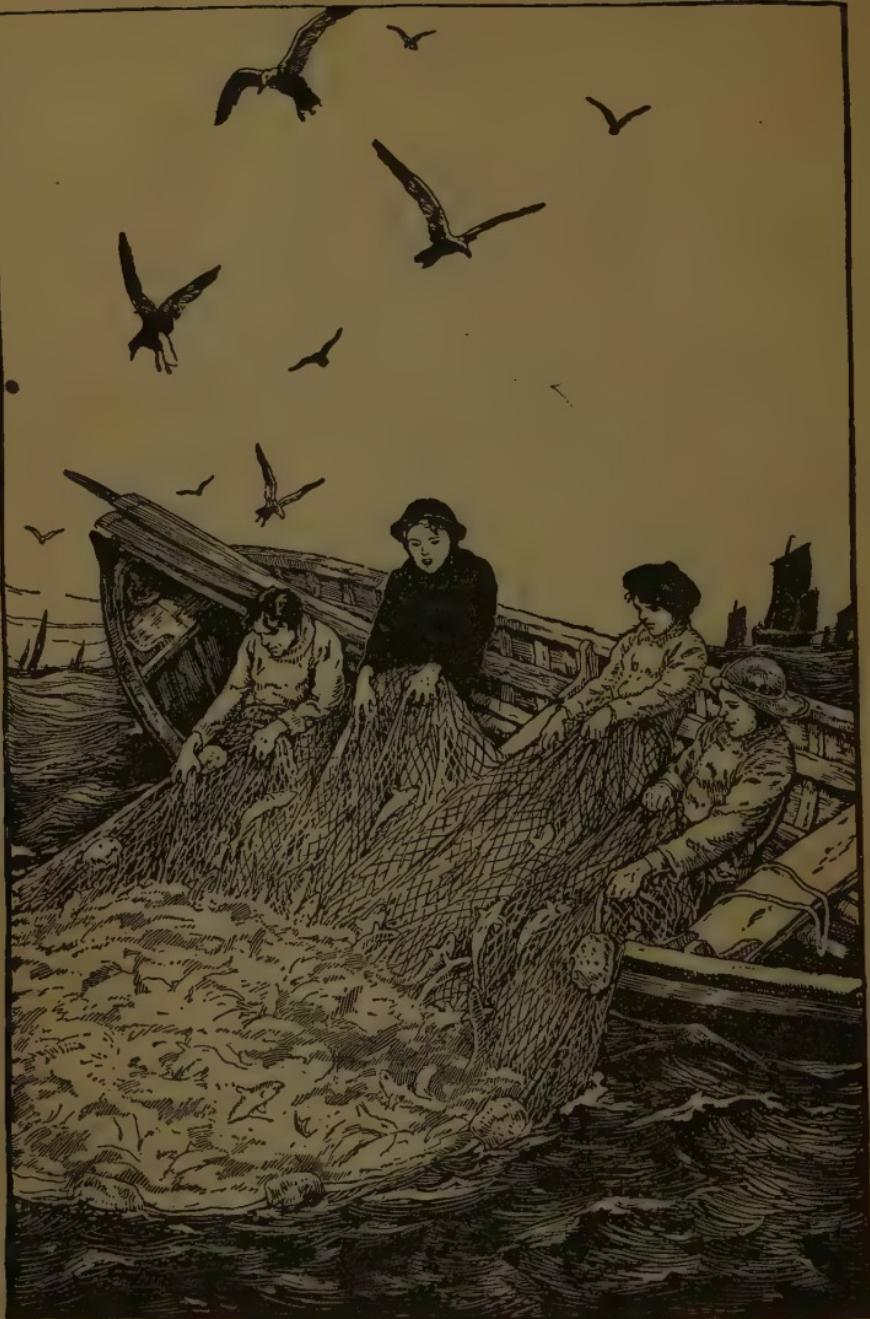
—*St. Nicholas.*

1. Break the story up into scenes or chief events. How many are there? What is the most exciting point? Sketch the sled as it is described.

2. How many people figure in the story? Who are the three chief figures? In what way is the end very much like the beginning? Why do you like to have it so?

### **THE NOBILITY OF LABOR**

*I make the grain grow in the fields. I burrow into the earth and bring forth its buried treasures, centuries old. I turn the wheels of mills and factories. I speed the thundering trains, the ships on the seven seas, and the airplanes in the sky. All this I do that man may live in comfort. For I am the god of Progress: I am WORK.*



THE FOUR MACNICOL'S MAKING A HAUL  
*(See page 68)*

## WORK

By HENRY VAN DYKE

LET me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market place or tranquil room ;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
“This is my work ; my blessing, not my doom ;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.”

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers ;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

1. You should know this poem by heart. It is one of the finest ever written on the nobility of labor. Repeat it to yourself when you find your tasks worrying you.
2. What kinds of work did the author probably have in mind in lines 2 and 3? How would you express the thought in lines 5-8? In 9-10?

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## HEROES

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

THERE are different kinds of heroes; there are  
some you hear about —  
They get their pictures printed, and their names the  
newsboys shout;  
There are heroes known to glory, that were not afraid <sup>s</sup>  
to die  
In the service of their country and to keep the flag  
on high;  
There are brave men in the trenches, there are brave  
men on the sea,  
<sup>10</sup>  
But the silent, quiet heroes also prove their bravery.

I am thinking of a hero that was never known to fame,  
Just a manly little fellow with a very common name;  
He was freckle faced and ruddy, but his head was  
nobly shaped,  
<sup>15</sup>  
And he one day took the whipping that his comrades  
all escaped.  
And he never made a murmur, never whimpered in  
reply;  
He would rather take the censure than to stand and <sup>20</sup>  
tell a lie.

And I'm thinking of another that had courage that  
was fine,

And I've often wished in moments that such strength  
of will were mine.

5 He stood against his comrades, and he left them then  
and there,

When they wanted him to join them in a deed that  
wasn't fair.

He stood alone, undaunted, with his little head erect;

10 He would rather take the jeering than to lose his self-  
respect.

And I know a lot of others that have grown to man-  
hood now,

Who have yet to wear the laurel that adorns the  
15 victor's brow.

They have plodded on in honor through the dusty,  
dreary ways,

They have hungered for life's comforts and the joys  
of easy days,

20 But they've chosen to be toilers, and in this their  
splendor's told —

They would rather never have it than to do some  
things for gold.

1. In a single sentence state what the purpose of this poem is.

Which of the heroes described do you admire most? Why?

2. Define: censure; undaunted; laurel.



## LITTLE DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffy-Down-Dilly was yet a little boy, his mother put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew him best, affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe countenance; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffy-Down-Dilly.

The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the pupils or stalked about the room with a ruler in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in

short, unless a lad chose to attend constantly to his book he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffy-Down-Dilly to himself when he had been at school about a week.

"I'll run away. I'll go home. I'll go anywhere. At any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffy-  
Down-Dilly and began his rambles about the world,  
with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast and  
very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But  
he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a  
man of grave and sedate appearance who was trudging  
along the road at a moderate pace.

"Good morning, my fine little lad," said the stranger; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Daffy-Down-Dilly hesitated a moment or two, but  
finally confessed that he had run away from school,  
on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he  
was resolved to find some place in the world where he  
should never see nor hear of the old schoolmaster  
again.

"Very well, my little friend," answered the stranger,  
"we will go together; for I, also, have had a great deal  
to do with Mr. Toil and should be glad to find some  
place where his name was never heard."

They had not gone far when they passed a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry.

Daffy-Down-Dilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass. He thought how much <sup>s</sup> pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom.

But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was <sup>re</sup> stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back, caught hold of his companion's hand, and cried, "Quick, quick! Let us run away or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffy-<sup>15</sup> Down-Dilly. "Don't you see him among the hay-makers?"

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "That is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who is a farmer; and people say he is the more dis-<sup>20</sup> agreeable man of the two. However, he will not trouble you unless you become a laborer on the farm."

They went on a little farther and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffy-Down-Dilly pricked up his ears at this and besought his companion to <sup>25</sup> hurry that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffy-Down-Dilly started in great dismay. Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself. This time he was dressed in blue and scarlet.  
s He held his head high and strutted like a turkeycock, but he still looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffy-Down-Dilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away for  
„fear he will make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but another brother of his who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a very severe  
„fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him in the least."

"Well, well," said Daffy-Down-Dilly, "but, if you please, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey  
„and by and by they came to a house by the roadside where some people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

"Let us stop here," said Daffy-Down-Dilly to his  
„companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away upon Daffy-Down-Dilly's tongue; for happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddlebow instead of a ruler.

"Oh, dear!" whispered he, turning pale, "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," said the stranger, "but still another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. Those who have known him best, think him still more disagreeable than his brother."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffy-Down-Dilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler."

Thus the stranger and little Daffy-Down-Dilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and wherever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor. If they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and under one disguise or another stole into the most splendid mansions.

"Oh, take me back! — take me back!" said poor little Daffy-Down-Dilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse."

"Yonder it is — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for, though he and little Daffy-Down-Dilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffy-Down-Dilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. So the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

When Daffy-Down-Dilly became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as the face of his own mother.

— *The Snow Image.*

1. Why did Daffy-Down-Dilly want to leave school? If his name describes him, what kind of boy was he? In how many different guises did he meet Mr. Toil?

2. This story is called an allegory. Find out from your dictionary what this means.

3. Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the best-known writers of American fiction. You will be interested to read his *Twice-Told Tales*, *Snow Image*, *Wonder Book*, and *Grandfather's Chair*. Many of his stories carry a moral lesson, but the stories themselves are always interesting. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, and spent most of his life in New England. He died in 1864.

## THE MUSIC OF LABOR

**B**ANGING of the hammer, whirling of the plane,  
Crashing of the handsaw, creaking of the crane,  
Ringing of the anvil, grating of the drill,  
Cutting of the power lathe, whirling of the mill,

Buzzing of the spindle, rattling of the loom,  
Puffing of the engine, fan's unceasing boom,  
Clipping of the shears, driving of the awl —  
These the sounds of labor, and I love them all.

Clicking of the type, earnest talk of men,  
Toiling of the press, scratching of the pen,  
Bustle of the market man hastening to the town,  
Laughter from the treetop as ripened fruit comes down;

Busy sound of threshers threshing out the grain,  
Huskers' glee so merry, moonlight on the plain,  
Kind voices in the dairy, shepherds' gentle call —  
These the sounds of labor, and I love them all.

1. How many kinds of labor are referred to in this poem? Tell what occupation each phrase suggests.
2. How many of these occupations are followed by people in cities or villages? By people in the country?
3. Collect pictures of the tools mentioned in this and the following poem and make a poster of them. Collect and mount other pictures illustrating any line or lines of this poem. Explain what part of the poem your picture illustrates, and how.

# THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

By THOMAS HOOD

A SPADE! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickax or a bill!  
A hook to reap or a scythe to mow,  
A flail or what ye will—  
And here's a ready hand  
To ply the needful tool,  
And skilled enough, by lessons rough,  
In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,  
To lop or fell the tree,  
To lay the swath on the sultry field,  
Or plow the stubborn lea;  
The corn to thresh or the hedge to splash,  
The market team to drive,  
Or mend the fence by the cover side,  
And leave the game alive.

Wherever Nature needs,  
Wherever Labor calls,  
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,  
To shun the workhouse walls.

1. Explain: lay; flail; bill; lea; scythe; thatch; workhouse.

2. Thomas Hood, an English poet, was born in London, in 1798, the year before Washington's death. He wrote much clever verse for magazines and newspapers. He died in London in 1845.

## THE FOUR MACNICOLS

By WILLIAM BLACK

Read this story silently from beginning to end. It is one of the classic fishing tales; and aside from being interesting, it carries a lesson for everybody. Study the picture on page 56.

THIS is the true story of how four orphan lads in a fishing village in the north of Scotland learned the great lesson of self-help. They were the four MacNicols — Robert, an active, stout-sinewed, black-eyed lad of seventeen; his two younger brothers, Duncan and Nicol; and his cousin Neil.

"Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."

"It will not," said Neil.

"Neil," said he, "if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl for cuddies?" And again he said, "Neil, do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying about the shed?" And again he said, "Do you think that Peter the tailor would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil but also by the brothers Duncan and

Nicol. It was agreed, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their rude fishing rods and hie away down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon. Meanwhile he himself went along to a shed which was used as a sort of storage house by some of the fishermen; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside as worthless.

Rob was allowed to pick out a number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose; and these he carried home. But then came the question of floats and sinkers. Enough pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be found about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the castaway netting.

Rob was a quick-witted lad and soon formed the plan of rigging up a couple of guy poles, as the salmon fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view. These guy poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water. All this took the best part of the afternoon; for he had to hunt about before he could get a couple of stout poles; and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to a point where the other MacNicol's were busy fishing.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait.

On the rocks beside them lay two or three small cod-fish, a large flounder, two good-sized lythe, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village, to a grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish?" said he. "They're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer severely; "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else than flying a kite."

"I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob; "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer. So Rob had his ball of twine — and a very large one it was. Off he set to his companions. "Come away, boys, I have other work for you."

It took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob fixed his guy poles to it, and the lads went to the grocer and got from him a lot of old rope on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul. Then Rob proceeded to his interview with Peter the tailor, who after a good deal of grumbling agreed to let them have his boat for a shilling a week.

Rob went back eager and joyous. Forthwith a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads ; they tested the oars, they tested the thole-pins, they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom. For that evening, when it grew a little more toward dusk, they would make their first cast with their net.

Yes ; and that evening, when it had quite turned to dusk, the people of Erisaig were startled with a new proclamation. It was Neil MacNicol, standing in front of their cottages and boldly calling forth these words :

“ IS THERE ANYONE WANTING CUDDIES ? THERE ARE CUDDIES TO BE SOLD AT THE WEST SLIP FOR SIX-PENCE A HUNDRED ! ”

The sale of the cuddies went on briskly. Indeed when the people had gone away there was not a fish left except a dozen that Rob had put into a can of water, to be given to the grocer as part payment for the loan of the ropes.

“ What did you make it altogether ? ” said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

“ Three shillings and ninepence ! Man, that’s a lot ! Will you put it in the savings bank ? ”

“ No, I will not,” said Rob. “ I’m not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round ; and sinkers too.”

One afternoon, about ten days afterward, they set out as usual. They had earned more than enough to

pay their landlady, the tailor, and the schoolmaster; and every penny beyond these expenses they had spent on the net.

Well, on this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol were pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob<sub>5</sub> was idly looking around him when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off that excited a sudden interest. It was what the fishermen call "broken water"—a seething produced by a shoal of fish.

"Look, look, Neil!" he cried. "It's either mackerel or herring. Shall we try for them?"

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest for that rough patch on the water.

They came nearer and nearer that strange hissing of the water. They kept rather away from it; and Rob quietly dropped the guy pole over, paying out the net rapidly so that it should not be dragged after the boat.

Then the three lads pulled hard and in a circle, so that at last they were sending the bow of the boat straight toward the floating guy pole. The other guy pole was near the stern of the boat, the rope made fast to one of the thwarts. In a few minutes Rob had<sub>25</sub> caught this first guy pole; they were now possessed of the two ends of the net.

But the water had suddenly grown quiet. Had the

fish dived and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere, and yet the net seemed too heavy to haul.

"Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

"We haven't got them, but they're in the net. Man, I wonder if it'll hold out?"

Then it was that the diligent patching and the strong tackle told; for they had succeeded in inclosing a goodly portion of a large shoal of mackerel, and the weight seemed more than they could get into the boat.

But even the strength of the younger lads seemed to grow into the strength of giants when they saw through the clear water a great moving mass like quicksilver. And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the warning cries of Rob; the possibility of swamping the boat, as all the four were straining their utmost at one side!

When that heaving, sparkling mass of quicksilver at last was captured, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through, but happy.

"Man! Rob, what do you think of that?" said Neil in amazement.

"What do I think?" said Rob. "I think that if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would soon buy a share in Coll MacDougall's boat and go after the herring."

They had no more thought that afternoon of "cuddy" fishing after this famous "take," but rowed back to Erisaig; then Rob left the boat at the slip and walked up to the office of the fish salesman.

"What will you give me for mackerel?" he said.<sup>5</sup> The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

"I'm not buying mackerel," said he; "not by the half dozen."

"I have half a boatload," said Rob.<sup>10</sup>

The salesman glanced toward the slip and saw the tailor's boat pretty low in the water.

"I'll go down to the slip with you."

So he and Rob walked down to the slip, and the salesman had a look at the mackerel. He looked long<sup>15</sup> and carefully.

"Well, I will buy the mackerel from you," he said. "I will give you half a crown the hundred for them."

"Half a crown!" said Rob. "I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them."<sup>20</sup>

"I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price too."

"Very well, then," said Rob.

So the MacNicol's got altogether two pounds and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; and out of<sup>25</sup> that Rob spent the eight shillings on still further improving the net, the two pounds going into the savings bank.

As time went on, by dint of hard and constant work, the sum in the savings bank slowly increased and at last Rob announced to his companions that they had saved enough to enable him to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat.

These MacNicol boys had grown to be very much respected in Erisaig; and one day, as Rob was going along the main street, the banker called him into his office. "Rob," said he, "have you seen the yacht  
at the building yard?"

"Yes," said Rob rather wistfully, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft; "she's a splendid boat."

"Well, you see, Rob," continued Mr. Bailie, regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built as a kind of speculation. Now I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are good careful seamen. Now do you think you could manage that new boat? What do you have to say to that?"

Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was, "I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?" And very soon the wild rumor ran through Erisaig that Rob MacNicol had been appointed master of the new yacht, the *Mary of Argyle*, and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as a crew.

Rob sold out his share in MacDougall's boat and bought jerseys and black boots and yellow oilskins for his companions ; so that the new crew, if they were rather slightly built, looked spruce enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the *Mary of Argyle*.<sup>5</sup>

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see ; and Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board and took his seat as stroke oar.

It was not until they were at the mouth of the harbor that something occurred which seemed likely to turn this fine setting-out into ridicule. This was Daft Sandy (a half-witted old man to whom Robert MacNicol had been kind), who rowed his boat right across the course of the *Mary of Argyle* and, as she<sup>15</sup> came up, called to Rob.

"What do you want ?" cried Rob.

"I want to come on board, Rob," the old man said, as he now rowed his boat up to the stern of the yacht. "Rob," said he in a whisper, as he fastened the painter of his boat, "I promised I would tell you something. I'll show you how to find the herring."<sup>20</sup>

"You!" said Rob.

"Yes, Rob ; I'll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that no one in Erisaig knows — that no one in all Scotland knows."<sup>25</sup>

Then he begged Rob to take him for that night's fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence



of herring, unknown to any of the fishermen ; it was the appearance, on the surface of the water, of small air bubbles.

Rob MacNicol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before ; but at last he could not resist the pleading of the old man. So they pulled in and anchored the boat ; then they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky, and keeping watch all around on the almost glassy sea.

The night was coming on, and they were far away from home ; but old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the water as though he expected to find pearls floating in it. At last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm. Leaning over the side of the boat they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of air bubbles rising to the surface.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said in a whisper, as though he were afraid of the herring hearing. "Go deep, deep, <sup>as</sup> deep !"

To let out a long drift net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair; but to haul it in again is a hard task; and when it happens to be laden, and heavily laden, with silver-gleaming fish, that is a breakback business for four young lads.<sup>5</sup> But if you are hauling in yard after yard of a dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Sandy was laughing all the while.

"Rob, my man, what think you of the air bubbles now? Maybe Daft Sandy is not so daft after all. And do you think I would go and tell anyone but yourself, Rob?"

Rob could not speak; he was breathless. Nor was<sup>15</sup> their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. For as there was not a breath of wind, they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig. The gray of the dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise; and when they<sup>20</sup> at length reached the quay, tired out with work and want of sleep, the people were all about.

Mr. Bailie came along and shook hands with Rob and congratulated him; for it turned out that while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than<sup>25</sup> from two to three crans, the *Mary of Argyle* had ten crans — as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

The MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living. The last that the present writer heard of them was this: that they had bought outright the *Mary of Argyle* and her nets, from the banker; and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the hill above Erisaig; and that Daft Sandy was to become a sort of major-domo — cook, gardener, and mender of nets.

1. The author of this selection, William Black, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1841. He was a newspaper correspondent and novelist. He died in 1898.

2. Arrange a moving-picture scenario for this story. How many scenes would you have? What are they? How many people? What would be your climax?

## GOLDEN COUNSELS

By MARCUS AURELIUS

**A** WRONGDOER is often a man who has left something undone, not always he who has done something.

Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought.

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man; but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee.

— *Meditations.*

## “THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING”

BY ALICE CARY

“**A**ND why do you throw down your hoe by the way,

As if that furrow were done?”

It was the good farmer, Bartholomew Grey,

That spoke in this wise to his son.

5

He had thought to have given the lad such a start

As would bring him at once to his feet;

And he stood in the furrow amazed, as young Bart,

Lying lazy and smiling so sweet,

Replied, “The world owes me a living, you see,

10

And something, or sooner or late,

I’m certain as can be, will turn up for me,

And I am contented to wait!”

“My son,” said the farmer, “take this to your heart —

For to live in the world is to learn —

15

The good things that turn up are, for the most part,

The things we ourselves help to turn!

“So, boy, if you want to be sure of your bread,

Ere the good time of working is gone,

Brush the cobwebs of nonsense all out of your head,

20

And take up your hoe, and work on.”



## 57

## TUBAL CAIN

BY CHARLES MACKAY

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when earth was young ;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
The strokes of his hammer rung :  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
And he sang : " Hurrah for my handiwork !  
Hurrah for the spear and the sword !  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord ! "

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire ;  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire.

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.

And they sang : "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,

Ere the setting of the sun ;  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain

For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,

Made war upon their kind ;  
That the land was red with the blood they shed,  
In their lust for carnage blind.

And he said : "Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain

Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smoldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright, courageous eye,

And bared his strong right arm for work,

While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang : "Hurrah for my handicraft!"

As the red sparks lit the air ;

5 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—

And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,

In friendship joined their hands ;

Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,

10 And plowed the willing lands ;

And sang : "Hurrah for Tubal Cain !

Our stanch good friend is he ;

And for the plowshare and the plow

To him our praise shall be ;

15 But while oppression lifts its head,

Or a tyrant would be lord,

Though we may thank him for the plow,

We'll not forget the sword."

37

1. Who was Tubal Cain? Where did he live? What did he do?

2. What caused him to be dissatisfied with his work? What did he then do? What is Tubal's chief gift to mankind?

3. After you are able to tell the story of Tubal Cain, select five words from the poem to give to your classmates to define.

4. Charles Mackay (1814-1889) was a Scotchman by birth. His interest in journalism took him to London, where he quickly won a reputation as a writer of verse. He was the American correspondent of the London *Times* during our Civil War.

## TO-DAY OR TO-MORROW?

ONE day a farmer whose name was Bertrand went to his county town with a load of corn to sell in the market. He was very fortunate for he soon found a buyer who paid him a much higher price for his grain than he had expected to get. So while <sup>s</sup> his horses were resting and feeding he set out for a little stroll through the town.

As he walked down the main street he felt very happy and at peace with all the world. He stopped to look at the pretty things in the store windows and <sup>10</sup> at one place he bought some little presents to take home to his children. Just as he was thinking of turning back toward the market place, his eyes were attracted by a small sign in a doorway. There was nothing remarkable in the sign itself, for it was very <sup>15</sup> plain and contained but three words :

SOLON WISEMAN  
LAWYER

Bertrand stopped and gazed at it thoughtfully for fully two minutes. "And this is the office of the great Solon Wiseman," he said to himself. "Well, I've heard folks talk about the opinions he gives. They <sup>20</sup> say that he's the greatest lawyer in the country and

that whatever he says is sure to be right. I think I'll go in and ask him for an opinion. It won't do any harm."

He climbed the narrow stairs to the offices above and found there quite a number of people who were waiting to ask the advice of the lawyer. He had to wait for a long time, but this only made him appreciate still more the value of the lawyer's services. By and by his turn came and he was shown into the room.  
Mr. Wiseman asked him to sit down, and then settling his eyeglasses on his nose so as to get a good look at him, begged him to state his business.

The farmer twisted his hat uneasily in his hand and stammered: "I can't say that I have any particular business, Mr. Lawyer. But I happened to be in town this morning and I thought I couldn't do better than to come and get an opinion from you."

"I am obliged to you for your confidence in me," said the lawyer. "I suppose you've had some trouble and are thinking about a lawsuit."

"A lawsuit!" cried Bertrand. "I should rather think not! I never had any quarrel with anybody in my life!"

"Well, then, I suppose that you wish to have some family property fairly and properly divided."

"I beg your pardon, sir. My family lives with me in peace, and we have no need to think of dividing any of the property."

"Perhaps, then, you want some agreement drawn up about the sale or purchase of something."

"Not at all, sir! I am not rich enough to buy any more than I have and I am not poor enough to be obliged to sell any."<sup>5</sup>

"Then tell me, what can I do for you, my friend?"

"I should like to get an opinion from you, as I think I have already told you."

"An opinion! Please explain yourself!"

"Well, Mr. Wiseman, it's just this way. I've<sup>10</sup> heard people talk so much about the value of your opinions that I think I should like to get one for my own use. I have the money to pay for it and I should be sorry to go home without it."

The lawyer looked at him and smiled. Then taking<sup>15</sup> up his pen he asked the farmer what his name was.

"Peter Bertrand," said he, quite pleased that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or somewhere about that."<sup>20</sup>

"Your profession?"

"My profession! Ah, yes! You mean what do I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer, still smiling, wrote two lines on a piece of paper, folded it up, inclosed it in an envelope, and<sup>25</sup> gave it to the farmer.

"Is that all?" asked Bertrand.

"Yes. That is an opinion."

"Well! well! It's short, but so much the better. Of course you are too busy to write much. Now how much does that cost, Mr. Lawyer?"

"One dollar."

5 Bertrand paid the money, well contented, bowed to Mr. Wiseman, and went away delighted.

When he reached home, it was four in the afternoon; he was tired with his journey and resolved to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had 10 been cut for some days and was now quite dry and one of his men came to ask if it should be hauled into the barn that night.

"This night!" cried the farmer's wife. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Mr. Bertrand is tired and 15 the hay can just as well be brought in to-morrow."

The man said it was no business of his — but the weather might change, and the horses and wagons were ready, and the men were wishing to know.

"Well," answered the wife, "the wind is from the 20 west and that doesn't mean rain. And it's so late now I guess you'd better leave it till to-morrow."

Bertrand had heard all that was said. He was wondering what to do when he suddenly remembered the paper which the lawyer had given him.

25 "Stop a minute!" he cried. "I have got an opinion — an opinion that cost me a dollar. That's the thing to put us straight! Here, wife, you're a scholar. Read it and tell us what it says."

The wife took the paper and with some difficulty read these two lines:

*"Peter Bertrand, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."*

"There's the very thing!" cried the farmer. "Quick! <sup>5</sup> Hurry with the men and the horses and the carts and we'll have the hay in at once!"

"But it will make supper so late," said his wife.

"What's supper when I have an opinion from a lawyer? I'm not going to pay a dollar for nothing. <sup>10</sup> I shall follow that opinion whatever happens."

He hurried out to the hayfield and was the foremost in the work of loading the wagons and sending them to the barn; and not until all the hay was safely housed did he return to his home. <sup>15</sup>

That night the weather suddenly changed. An unexpected storm arose. The rain fell in torrents, and the meadows were flooded. The wet weather continued, and all the farmers in the neighborhood who had counted on fair weather lost their hay. <sup>20</sup>

1. Why did Bertrand want an opinion from the lawyer? Did the lawyer think Bertrand's request queer? Do you?

2. Write the lawyer's advice on a slip of paper, putting your own name in place of Bertrand's.



# WORK — A SONG OF TRIUMPH

BY ANGELA MORGAN

## WORK!

Thank God for the might of it,  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,  
Work that springs from the heart's desire,  
Setting the brain and the soul on fire —  
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,  
And what is so glad as the beat of it,  
And what is so kind as the stern command,  
Challenging brain, and heart, and hand?

## Work !

Thank God for the pride of it,  
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,  
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,  
Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
Moving the dreamer to do and dare —  
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,  
And what is so glad as the surge of it,  
And what is so strong as the summons deep,  
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

## Work !

Thank God for the pace of it,  
For the terrible, swift, keen race of it,  
Fiery steeds in full control,  
Nostrils a-quiver to reach the goal.

Work, the power that drives behind,  
 Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,  
 Holding the runaway wishes back,  
 Reining the will to one steady track,  
 Speeding the energies, faster, faster,  
 Triumphing ever over disaster ;  
 Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,  
 And what is so kind as the cruel goad,  
 Forcing us on through the rugged road?

5

## Work !

20

Thank God for the swing of it,  
 For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,  
 Passion of labor daily hurled  
 On the mighty anvils of the world.  
 Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?  
 And what is so huge as the aim of it?  
 Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
 Calling the plan of the Maker out.  
 Work, the Titan, Work, the Friend,  
 Shaking the earth to a glorious end,  
 Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,  
 Doing whatever the spirit wills —  
 Bending a continent apart,  
 To answer the dream of the Master heart.  
 Thank God for a world where no one may shirk,  
 Thank God for the splendor of Work !

25

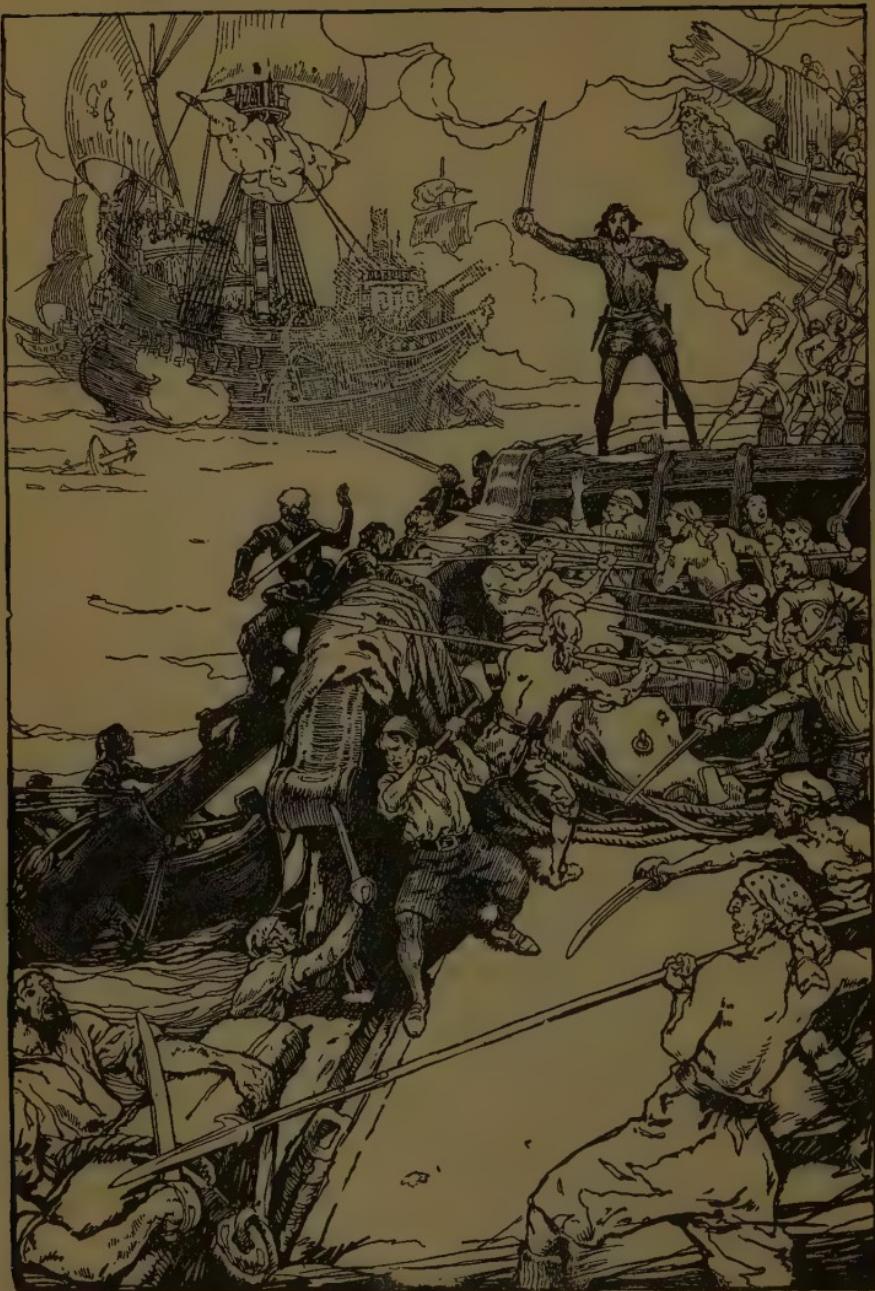
20

— *The Outlook.*

*TALES OF THE SEA*

*And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the winds and the waters rave,  
A home on the rolling sea!  
A life on the ocean wave!*

—EPES SARGENT.



THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE  
(See page 98)

# THE WHITE SHIP

By CHARLES DICKENS

This is a story of the days when strong arms and graceful sails drove ships across the sea. It is only one of many tragedies in which Old Ocean has figured so heavily; but it is one of the best known, because of the manner in which Dickens has told it in his *A Child's History of England*, a book which you will enjoy reading from cover to cover. This extract is from the chapter on Henry I.

THE king went to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles and to contract the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done with great show and rejoicing; and on the 25th of November in the year 1120, the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur for the voyage home.

On that day and at that place there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea captain, and said:

"My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called *The White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in *The White Ship* to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen and that I cannot sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go along with you in the fair *White Ship*, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind arrived upon the coast of England in the morning.<sup>10</sup> While it was yet night the people in some of those ships heard a faint, wild cry come over the sea and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen who bore no love to the English and<sup>15</sup> had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plow like oxen. He went aboard *The White Ship* with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay<sup>20</sup> company with their servants and the fifty sailors made three hundred souls aboard the stately vessel, *The White Ship*.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father,<sup>25</sup> the king, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and *The White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the king, if we sail at midnight!"

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine, and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of *The White Ship*.

When at last she shot out of the harbor of Barfleur there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of *The White Ship*.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. *The White Ship* had struck upon a rock — was filling — going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not so far and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, calling

for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her."

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset. And in the same instant *The White Ship* went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the main yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de l'Aigle. And you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord, be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another as they drifted in the cold, benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he.

"Gone, gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he nor his brother nor his sister, nor the king's niece nor her brother, nor anyone of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!"

Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted and chilled with the cold and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat and got him into their boat—the sole relator of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly and kneeling at his feet, told him that *The White Ship* was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man and never, never afterwards was seen to smile.

—*A Child's History of England.*

1. Charles Dickens (1812-1870) is one of the great writers of modern English stories and novels. Among his stories you will like *A Christmas Carol* and *A Child's Dream of a Star*; among his longer works *David Copperfield* is one of the first you should read.

2. In whose reign did the events related take place? Why did the tragedy occur? Were the people aboard French or English? What kind of person was the prince?



26

## THE REVENGE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

A small English fleet was lying in wait in the Azores for a Spanish treasure ship. Instead, a Spanish battle fleet appeared. All the English fled except Grenville's ship, which gave battle.

**A**T FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville  
lay,

And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from  
far away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! We have sighted fifty-<sup>s</sup>  
three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am  
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of  
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow  
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-<sup>s</sup>  
three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are <sup>is</sup>  
no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick  
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my <sup>sc</sup>  
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war  
that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the  
5 land

Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
10 And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not  
left to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of  
the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and  
15 to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came  
in sight,  
With his huge sea castles heaving upon the weather  
bow.

20 "Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

25 And Sir Richard said again : "We be all good English  
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the  
devil,  
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.”

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a  
hurrah, and so

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety  
sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left  
were seen,

And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea  
lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their  
decks and laughed,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad  
little craft

Running on and on, till delayed

By their mountainlike *San Philip* that, of fifteen  
hundred tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning  
tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us  
like a cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-  
board lay,  
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

26

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself  
and went,  
Having that within herself that had left her ill con-  
tent;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought  
us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and  
musketeers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that  
shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far  
over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and  
the fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle  
thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with  
her dead and her shame,  
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so  
could fight us no more —  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world <sup>s</sup>  
before?

For he said, “Fight on! fight on!”  
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;  
And it chanced that when half of the short summer  
night was gone, <sup>10</sup>  
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly  
dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and  
the head, <sup>15</sup>  
And he said, “Fight on! fight on!”

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far  
over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us  
all in a ring; <sup>20</sup>  
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared  
that we still could sting,  
So they watched what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we, <sup>25</sup>  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maimed for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them  
stark and cold,  
5 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder  
was all of it spent ; .  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
“We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
10 As may never be fought again !  
We have won great glory, my men !  
And a day less or more,  
At sea or ashore,  
We die — does it matter when ?  
15 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split  
her in twain !  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of  
Spain !”  
26.

And the gunner said, “Aye, aye,” but the seamen  
20 made reply :  
“We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to  
let us go ; .  
25 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.”  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the  
foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore  
him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard  
caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly,  
foreign grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man  
and true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
With a joyful spirit, I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap,  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English  
few.

Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they  
knew,  
But they sank his body with honor down into the  
deep,  
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien  
crew,  
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her  
own;

When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke  
from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to  
moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their  
masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered  
navy of Spain,  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island  
crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

2.

1. What lines from this poem does the picture on page 92 illustrate? Does the picture look as you imagine it should? Make your own sketch of it.

2. Who was in command of the English fleet? Why did he withdraw? Why did Grenville stay and give battle? Was he foolish or brave, or both? Do you admire his courage? Why did Lord Howard not order Grenville to withdraw? Remember, Grenville's sailors were his neighbors at home.

3. How many ships did the Spanish fleet have? The Spanish vessels rode high out of the water and were slow and clumsy sailors. Can you prove this from the poem? Give in order the events of the battle. What finally happened to Grenville? To the *Revenge*?

4. Read lines 18-19, page 101; then lines 17-20, page 102. Make us see clearly the picture each suggests.

5. Alfred Tennyson was an English poet (1809-1892). Name some other poems of his that you have read. Elect a committee of three from your class to give a report on his life and writings.



## GRACE DARLING

BY JAMES BALDWIN

IT WAS a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had been driven on a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had been washed away. The other half lay yet on the rock and those of the crew who were still alive were clinging to it. But the waves were dashing over it and in a little while it too would be carried to the bottom.

Could anyone save the poor, half-drowned sailors?

On one of the islands was a lighthouse; and there, all through that stormy night, Grace Darling had listened to the storm. Grace was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper and she had lived by the sea as long as she could remember.

In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she heard screams and wild cries. When daylight came she could see the wreck, a mile away, with the angry waters all around it. She could see the men clinging to the masts.

"We must try to save them!" she cried. "Let us go out in the boat at once!"

"It is of no use, Grace," said her father. "We cannot reach them."

He was an old man and he knew the force of the mighty waves.

"We cannot stay here and see them die," said Grace.  
"We must at least try to save them."

Her father could not say, "No."

In a few minutes they were ready. They set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. Grace pulled one oar and her father the other and they made straight toward the wreck. But it was hard rowing against such a sea, and it seemed as though they would never reach the place.

At last they were close to the rock and now they were in greater danger than before. The fierce waves broke against the boat, and it would have been dashed in pieces had it not been for the strength and skill of the brave girl.

But after many trials Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat. Then one by one the worn-out crew were helped on board. It was all that the girl could do to keep the frail boat from being drifted away, or broken upon the sharp edges of the rock.

Then her father clambered back into his place. Strong hands grasped the oars and by and by all were

safe in the lighthouse. There Grace proved to be no less tender as a nurse than she had been brave as a sailor. She cared most kindly for the shipwrecked men until the storm had died away and they were strong enough to go to their own homes.

All this happened a long time ago, but the name of Grace Darling will never be forgotten. She lies buried now in a little churchyard by the sea, not far from her old home. Every year many people go there to see her grave; and there a monument has <sup>10</sup> been placed in honor of the brave girl. It is not a large monument, but it is one that speaks of the noble deed which made Grace Darling famous. It is a figure carved in stone of a woman lying at rest, with a boat's oar held fast in her right hand.

—*Fifty Famous Stories Retold.*

1. This is a true story of one of the heroines of the sea. What is a heroine? Where did she live? You may be able to locate the islands off the coast of Northumberland, England, in your geography.

2. What did Grace Darling do that caused her to be one of the figures in history and story? You will be interested to know that she was loaded with all kinds of presents for her bravery. But unfortunately she took consumption (tuberculosis of the lungs) not long after her heroic act, and died at the age of 27 years, in 1842.



## WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

TO EASTWARD ringing, to westward winging,  
o'er mapless miles of sea,  
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the further-  
most isles are free,  
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor and  
height and hill,  
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "Tis the Mother  
who calls! Be still!"  
Mother! new-found, belovèd, and strong to hold from  
harm,  
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her  
sovereign arm,  
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade  
her navies roam,  
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls  
them this time home!  
And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary  
watchers rest,  
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in  
the golden west

Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,  
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars !  
Peace ! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,  
Peace at last ! is the bugle blast, the length of the long  
blockade,

5  
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,  
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace !  
Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show  
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade <sup>10</sup>  
them rise and go, —

How, when the stirring summons smote on her chil-  
dren's ear,

South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole  
land answered, "Here!"

15  
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the  
sailor's song

Are all of those who meet their foes as right should  
meet with wrong,

Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, <sup>20</sup>  
on the decks they trod,

Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of  
their country's God !

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and  
free,

25  
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends  
of the sea.

To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies  
in wait,  
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across  
the strait!  
But better the golden evening when the ships round  
heads for home,  
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of  
seething foam,  
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the  
men who win!  
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when  
the great gray ships come in!

—*The Garden of Years.*

1. This poem was written when our battle fleet came into New York harbor at the close of the Spanish-American War. Two great naval victories practically won the war — the one in Manila Bay, the other off Santiago, Cuba. These battles freed Cuba, the Philippines, and some other islands from the tyranny of Spain. Lines 3 and 4, page 111, refer to Hobson's sinking the *Merrimac* in the mouth of Santiago harbor in an attempt to bottle up the Spanish fleet.

2. What message, or gospel, is referred to in lines 3-4, page 109? The term "Mother" in the first stanza refers to our country. In what ways was our country a mother to these oppressed peoples?

3. Read the first four lines of the second stanza. Close your eyes and visualize this picture. Describe it. Why was the coming in of the "great gray ships" such an important event?

(From *The Garden of Years* by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons Publishers, New York and London.)





## OUT OF THE WRECK

By DANIEL DEFOE

WHEN I waked it was broad day. The weather was clear, and the storm had abated so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but what surprised me most was that by the swelling of the tide the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay and was driven up almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board that at least <sup>as</sup> I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my lodgings in the tree I again looked about me; and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and sea had tossed her up on the land, about two miles away. <sup>15</sup>

A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief, for I saw evidently that if we had

kept on board we should all have been safe; that is to say, we should all have got safe on shore and I should not have been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was.

This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship.

Accordingly I pulled off my clothes — for the weather was extremely hot — and took to the water.

But when I came to the ship my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board, for as she lay aground and high out of the water there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, and which hung down by the forechains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it; and by the help of that rope I got up into the forecastle of the ship.

Here I found that the ship was bulged and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, in such a way that her stern was lifted up on the bank while her bow was low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free and all that was in that part was dry. For you may be sure my first work was to find out what was spoiled and what was not, as I wished to save all I could.

And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted, nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application.

We had several spare yards and two or three large spars of wood and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and so I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not float away.

15

When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me I tied four of them together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft. By laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light.

So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths and added them to my raft with a great deal of labor and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. However, I was not long considering this.  
5 I first laid all the plank or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft.

10 The first of these I filled with provisions — namely bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us but  
15 which had been killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but to my great disappointment I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

While I was doing this I found the tide began to  
20 flow, though it was very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore, upon the sand, swim away. As for my trousers, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings.  
25 However, this set me on rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon — as, first, tools to work with on

shore. And it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft whole as it was, without losing <sup>5</sup> time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with <sup>10</sup> some powderhorns and a small bag of shot and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them — two of them dry and good. The third had taken <sup>15</sup> water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms.

And now I thought myself pretty well freighted and began to think how I should get my raft to shore, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation. <sup>20</sup>

I had three encouragements: first, a smooth, calm sea; second, the fact that the tide was rising and setting in to the shore; third, what little wind there was, blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, <sup>25</sup> and (besides the tools which were in the chest) two saws, an ax, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea.

For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before. By this I perceived that there was some indraft of the water and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might use as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land and I found that a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream.

But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broken my heart; for knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards the end that was afloat and so fallen into the water.

I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in; but holding up the chests with all my might I stood in that manner nearly half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level.

A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the

channel; and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river,<sup>5</sup> because I hoped, in time, to see some ship at sea. Accordingly I resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I<sup>10</sup> guided my raft and at last got so near that reaching ground with my oar I could thrust her directly in. There I fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground — one on one side, near one end, and one on the other side, near the other end.<sup>15</sup> Thus I lay till the water ebbed away and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

— *Robinson Crusoe.*

1. Why did Crusoe venture out to the wreck? What had happened to him the night before? Name in order the articles that he selected from the cargo. Would you have selected as he did? Why or why not?

2. *Robinson Crusoe*, you will agree, is a wonderful book. Its author, Daniel Defoe, based his story on an actual shipwreck; but the charm of the tale lies in its simple telling. Defoe was an Englishman (1661-1731) who got his literary training by writing for the journals of his day. He wrote many books but none so famous as *Robinson Crusoe*.

## THE INCHCAPE ROCK

By ROBERT SOUTHEY

**N**O STIR in the air, no stir in the sea, —  
The ship was still as she could be ;  
Her sails from heaven received no motion ;  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

5 Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

10 The holy abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock ;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

15 When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothok.

20 The sun in heaven was shining gay, —  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

5

He felt the cheering power of spring, —  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess ;  
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

10

His eye was on the Inchcape float :  
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat ;  
And row me to the Inchcape rock,  
And I'll plague the abbot of Aberbrothok."

15

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape rock they go ;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

20

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;  
The bubbles rose and burst around.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock  
Will not bless the abbot of Aberbrothok."

20

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,—  
He scoured the seas for many a day;  
And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

5 So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind had blown a gale all day;  
At evening it hath died away.

10 On the deck the rover takes his stand;  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, “It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.”

15 “Canst hear,” said one, “the breakers roar?  
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.  
Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell.”

20 They hear no sound; the swell is strong;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along;  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock —  
Alas! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;  
He cursed himself in his despair.  
The waves rush in on every side;  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear —  
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell  
The Evil Spirit was ringing his knell.

5

1. Who was Sir Ralph? What do you guess his business was on the sea? Why did he destroy the Inchcape bell? What was the result?

2. When a character in a story or a play gets what is due him because of his acts, the result is called Nemesis or "poetic justice." Is poetic justice given Ralph? How soon does it follow the deed? What other stories do you know in which poetic justice is meted out to a character?

3. Robert Southey (1774-1843) wrote many poems that are widely read. "The Battle of Blenheim" and "The Falls of Lodore" are two of the most popular. Do you know either? Southey was an English author, and was once the poet laureate of England; that is, the official poet of the country.



## AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK

OUR noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier, a town in the northwestern part of Africa. The day had been very mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward. Toward evening the sea breeze died away, and hot, sultry breathings came from the great sunburnt desert of Sahara.

Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the cheering order to call the hands to "go in swimming," and in less than five minutes our sailors were leaping from the arms of the lower yards into the water. One of the sails, with its corners fastened from the main yardarm and the swinging boom, had been lowered into the water, and into this most of the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two boys, one of whom was the son of our old gunner; and in a laughing mood they started out from the sail on a race. There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off; they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long, heavy swells that set in from the ocean.

One of the buoys which was attached to the anchor to show where it lay, was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swell of

the waves. Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, the old gunner's son taking the lead; but when they were within about sixty yards of the buoy, the other boy shot ahead and promised to win the race.

The old gunner had watched the progress of his son with great pride; and when he saw him drop behind he leaped upon the quarterdeck and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout when a cry was heard that struck him with instant horror.<sup>5</sup>

"A shark! a shark!" shouted the officer of the deck; and at the sound of those terrible words, the men who were in the water leaped and plunged toward the ship.

Three or four hundred yards away the back of a monster shark was seen cleaving the water. Its<sup>15</sup> course was for the boys. For a moment the gunner stood like one who had lost his reason. Then he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn; but they could not hear him. Stoutly the two swimmers strove, knowing nothing of the danger from the<sup>20</sup> shark. Their laughter still rang over the waters, as they were both nearing the buoy. At this moment a cry went up, a cry that reached every heart — the boys had discovered their enemy.

The cry startled the old gunner and quicker than<sup>25</sup> thought he sprang from the quarterdeck. The guns were all loaded and shotted, fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand

made strong by sudden hope, the old gunner pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion cap, fixed it on its place, and set back the hammer of the gunlock. He turned the heavy gun to its bearing. Then, seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark; a moment more would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. Suddenly the silence was broken by the roar of the gun. The old man covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result. If he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost. For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was dead silence. But as the thick smoke arose from the surface of the water, there broke from the lips of the men a deafening shout.

The old gunner sprang to his feet. The first thing that met his sight was the huge body of the shark floating on its back. His shot had gone true. The lads were saved.

1. Retell this story as briefly as you can. Bring out the main incident. What is it? What leads up to it?
2. Did this adventure take place recently? Prove your answer.

## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

**A** WET sheet and a flowing sea.  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast, —  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !  
I heard a fair one cry ;  
But give to me the snoring breeze,  
And white waves heaving high, —  
And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship tight and free ;  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud ;  
And hark the music, mariners !  
The wind is piping loud ;  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free —  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

# THE WRATH OF THE WINDS

By RAYMOND McFARLAND

This is a tale of the brave American fishermen who dare the sea in the ugliest weather. The *Nimbus* and the *Harvest Home* were both from the same little New England harbor, and bad blood between them had been shown on the fishing grounds. Then the storm came. Both ships fled for a friendly haven, and thanks to the skill and courage of Skipper Deane the *Nimbus* came in safe. The *Harvest Home* went ashore and was wrecked, but the crew of the *Nimbus* rescued the crew of their rival.

**N**IIGHT overtook us in the midst of the Gulf, a night such as two decades of men had not seen. What a night aboard the two schooners! For months they had been together, each gleaning a rich harvest from the seas. Now they were fighting to ward off the angry wolves of the sea that time after time leaped over the rails of the schooners in their hunt for human prey in the darkness and storm.

They fought the elements as only Comberton schooners could, for the night of the wind and wave had no mercy on man or his craft. They were tossed and hurled about at the mercy of the gale, helpless to give one another aid in their helplessness, yet no man was on either schooner whose heart was not gladdened by the companionship of the other crew upon the turbulent waters.

The *Nimbus* took the lead of the other, for her stern was deep in the water and she could beat to windward as the other could not. A lantern was hung to our

main boom, sending its fleck of light through the murkiness of the storm and giving the anxious watchers aboard the *Harvest Home* the only human hope there was on the wild wastes during those hours of terror.

No man aboard our schooner had known a gale like <sup>s</sup> that. The little schooner was tossed upward time and time again by the wind and the wave, its bow going high in the air only to plunge downward frightfully into the craters between the waves. Over to starboard and again to port she was hurled, with her masts all <sup>10</sup> but touching the waves; but she always came back from the waters. Seas broke over her bows and over the rails alike, sweeping from stem to stern in an irresistible rush.

Double life lines were strung between the fore and <sup>15</sup> aft shrouds and from the main rigging to the quarter-rail cleats. The seine boat was lashed anew to the port rail. The dory that we had taken from the *Harvest Home* in return for ours that was destroyed by her was torn from its lashings by the boarding seas <sup>20</sup> and swept overboard; only the protecting interposition of the main house saved the two seines, lashed though they were, from a similar fate.

Through every hour of the night John Deane stood at the wheel except when the seas which boarded the <sup>25</sup> schooner swept him more than once into the lee scuppers after breaking his hold at the wheel; it was only the strong rope about his waist that kept him lashed

to his place and prevented him from being swept into the seas by the fearful rush of the waters. Part of his crew were above deck with him during half the night, ready to give help if any were needed, and clinging as best they could to the shrouds or standing rigging or the main boom.

Others of the crew were below in the forecastle or cabin with the gangways closed tight against the floods, reeling about like drunken men, each man clad in his oilskins and wondering to himself how he would look when the waves washed his body ashore, if they should be so kind as to do that instead of batting him back and forth on the bottom sands until they wore him out like driftwood.

So we came through the dreadful night conquerors over elements at their worst. When morning came — that morning had no dawn — there was nothing about us but the raging seas, nothing save the uncertain shore that we thought we saw and the *Harvest Home*, struggling two miles astern and a long way to leeward.

Inwardly every man gave thanks that he had been spared to see the lurid light that followed the black night — for it is against the human grain to be swallowed up at night without knowing where or how it happens. We were still fighting when our schooner was discovered by the anxious watchers on the headland at Souris, fighting for every inch we gained against

the wind, fighting from being swamped, fighting to reach Souris harbor which, unknown to us, was only half a harbor now.

Old Bill Spurling crept back from his station at the mainmast where he had remained during the night,<sup>5</sup> crept along the top of the house, holding to the main boom for support. He yelled down to the skipper from the top of the closed cabin slide, "How's she heading up, skipper?"

It was a fine thing for Bill Spurling to stay by his captain that night, always at hand if counsel or strong arm was needed, never volunteering a suggestion to the young skipper or implying by word or gesture that he did not have implicit confidence that the best man to command the *Nimbus* in that gale was the submerged young giant at the wheel.<sup>15</sup>

"We'll go in on a pinch, Bill. Get both anchors ready. Stand by to cut the lashings. Short chain!" the skipper yelled back at him.

With infinite watchfulness against the seas Bill and his picked crew overhauled short chain and cable alike, secured the anchors so they could be released from the rail by the blow of the ax, and distributed the crew in the bows and at the shortened foresail in preparation for the dash into Souris harbor.<sup>20</sup>

"The seine boat's gone!" cried one of the men, pointing astern to the boat.

Not gone, but broken open by the waves during the

night. One of them had ripped open her stern and we were towing a useless hulk.

"Cut the cable and let her go!" called the skipper.

The loss of the boat was a great help to the struggling schooner; she kept into the wind better and enabled the skipper to try for the harbor without another tack. We were only a quarter mile from the breakwater when the skipper rolled the wheel down and turned the bows of the *Nimbus* straight toward the seething sands of the shore.

How she rolled over to port as her stern came into the wind! It was a tense moment but she righted splendidly. Every moment was tense. It would be a miracle to save the schooner from being dashed upon the shore before she could be turned into her anchorage and the anchors get a grip that would hold her in place.

What a harbor to enter! Schooners lining both sides of the wharf four tier deep. Others anchored off the wharf in every best anchorage. Still others, a forest of masts showing through the spray, holding their ground under the breakwater and giving no chance for an incoming schooner to enter astern of them without grave risk of being beached.

In the midst of the mass of ships, where one would need to guide his craft without running others down, was the whirlpool of waters rushing through the opening of the breakwater and driving all vessels from its path. Little wonder that the skippers and old seamen

left the headland and rushed to the wharves as John Deane turned the bow of the *Nimbus* toward the breakwater's end.

It was a frightful sight for them, if a grand one. Into everyone's life comes some greatest moment.<sup>s</sup> This was ours as it was theirs on the wharf who beheld the master mariner handle his schooner that morning. A fleeing schooner, stripped clean for the race, was headed toward shipwreck, or safety; eighteen fishermen, warm and hopeful, to be rescued or drowned,<sup>10</sup> inside two minutes; a young skipper, bareheaded at the wheel, a life line about his waist, his keen eye sweeping the harbor for the best course; the veteran Spurling on the house above him motioning with his arms — for nothing could be heard in the roar of the<sup>15</sup> waters — signaling the course down to the man at the wheel; a bunch of men at the bows ready to cut the anchors from the rails; another group in yellow jackets, with faces bleached by the night's sleet, huddled about the foresail halyards. This fleeting<sup>20</sup> glimpse only. Then the *Nimbus* dashed from the clearer waters to bury herself from the view of onlookers in the blinding storm of waves that poured over the breakwater.

The schooner turned sharply inshore at the end of<sup>25</sup> the breakwater, rushing along between the wall of wood on one side and the row of protruding bowsprits on the port side, every one of which seemed to jab

into her shrouds as she fled past. When she emerged from the blinding spray she struck a clear space of water, the roaring cataract of brine that poured through the break in the wall.

She was heading straight for schooners anchored near the wharf when John Deane whirled the wheel hard down to bring her into the wind before she should ram the other ships. The jumbo came down with a rush, the bow of the schooner turned quickly under the control of the rudder, and just when she was about to drift off before the wind and torrent, the two anchors plunged from the rails to grip the bottom and hold the *Nimbus* in place.

All was over! As John Deane reached down to unfasten the rope from his waist the hoarse cheers of men on the wharf were wafted through the frightful din to his ears. They knew what it meant to save his schooner, to save his men, and to keep the black crape from fishermen's homes.

—*Skipper John of the Nimbus.*

1. What is the chief thing of interest in this story? Who is its hero? The lives of how many men depended on him? What kind of young man do you picture him to be?

2. Find these words in the selection and put in words of your own that mean almost the same: prey; tur'bu-lent; crāters; dory; elements; im-plic'it; in'fin-ite; cat'a-ract.

3. Make a list of the sea words used.

(This selection from *Skipper John of the Nimbus*, by Raymond McFarland, is used by special permission of the publishers The Macmillan Company.)

## THE HOME OF THE SEA FAIRIES

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

CHILDREN dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell? 5  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep ;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round, 10  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;  
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye, 15  
Round the world for ever and aye ?  
When did music come this way ?  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

— *The Forsaken Merman.*



### THE KEYS TO SUCCESS

*The door to true success can be unlocked only by several age-old keys. They are called by homely names such as Industry, Perseverance, Honesty, Faithfulness to Friends, Loyalty to Employer, Economy, Common Sense, and Foresight. You can do nothing better than to cultivate these virtues.*



THE COURAGE THAT WINS (*See page 139*)

## NOBILITY

By ALICE CARY

TRUE worth is in *being* not *seeming*;

In doing, each day that goes by,  
Some little good — not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in blindness,  
And in spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story  
The heart of its ills to beguile,  
Though he who makes courtship to glory  
Gives all that he hath for her smile,  
For when from her heights he has won her,  
Alas ! it is only to prove  
That nothing's so sacred as honor,  
And nothing so loyal as love !

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets :  
And sometimes the thing our life misses,  
Helps more than the thing which it gets.  
For good lieth not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

5

Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating —  
Our part is to work and to wait.  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth ;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

10

15

1. Re-read silently each of the above stanzas and write out its meaning in a single short sentence. How many sentences have you?
2. Which stanza do you like best? Memorize it, noting how long it takes you. What are the finest sentences in your stanza?
3. Select from the poem one word which you have never used. Use it in a sentence. Try to use this word at least four times within the next week.
4. Your class is to appoint two of its members to report something interesting about Alice Cary. Any encyclopedia will give this information.

## THE COURAGE THAT WINS

A BOUT thirty years ago I stepped into a book-store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve years of age, came in to ask whether they had geographies to sell.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know that they were so dear."

He turned to go out and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," said he. "Will you let me have the book and wait awhile for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly the lad looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man refused his request! The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him a block away.

"And what now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and four times I saw the boy's face cloud at a harsh refusal.

"Shall you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had. 5

"Do you want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so much?"

"To study, sir. I cannot go to school but when I have time I study at home. All the boys have geographies and they will be ahead of me if I do not get one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know about the places that he used to go to."

"Does he go to those places now?" 15

"He is dead," replied the boy softly. Then he added after a while, "I am going to be a sailor too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live." 20

"Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do. I will let you have a new geography and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it and is it just like the others, 25 only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well then, and I shall have twelve

cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

10 "Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Hartley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked, earnestly regarding the boy's serious face.

15 "More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the volumes that filled the shelves.

I gave him a two-dollar bill. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

20 "May I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad; whatever you want."

"Then I will buy a book for Mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you." *(Q. C.)*

25 He asked my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him.

Many years afterward I went to Europe on one of

the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage, but toward the end there came a terrible storm and the ship would have sunk with all on board had it not been for the captain.

5

Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. The crew were strong and willing men and the mates were practical seamen of the first class. But after pumping for one whole night with the water still <sup>10</sup> gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a wind and sea.

The captain, who had been below examining his <sup>15</sup> charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps. The captain <sup>20</sup> then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

He looked at me and then at the other passengers and said: "Yes, sir. So long as one inch of this deck <sup>25</sup> remains above water, there is hope. When that fails I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done to save the ship,

and if we fail it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair. But the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sank soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks of the passengers as they hurried down the gangplank.

As I passed, he grasped my hand and said: "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?"

I told him that I did not. I was not aware that I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati?"

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And may God bless you too, Captain Hartley," I said. "The perseverance that thirty years ago secured you that geography has to-day saved our lives."

1. What is meant by the last sentence?
2. Give another good title to the selection.
3. Practice to yourself the retelling of the story. See how brief you can make your story without omitting anything important.

## BOOST YOUR TOWN

**I**F YOU want to live in the kind of a town

Like the kind of a town you like,

You needn't pack your clothes in a grip

And start on a long, long hike.

For you'll only find what you've left behind,

For there's nothing that's really new.

When you blame your town you blame yourself,

For it isn't the town, it's you.

5

Real towns are not made by men afraid

Lest some one else gets ahead ;

10

But when everyone works and nobody shirks

You can raise a town from the dead.

So if while you make your personal stake

Your neighbor makes one too,

You'll have the town you like to see,

For it isn't the town, it's you.

15

26

1. What can you do to help your town or your community? Divide your answer under these heads: What I can *be*; what I can do for my home, for my school, for my companions.

2. What is your opinion of the person who always finds fault with his neighbors or his town?

3. Explain fully what lines 7-8 mean. What does the poem teach us?



## FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT

By JOHN G. SAXE

IT WAS a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a coward croaker,  
Before the castle, say,  
“They're safe in such a fortress;  
There is no way to shake it!”  
“On! on!” exclaimed the hero,  
“I'll find a way, or make it.”

Is Fame your aspiration?  
Her path is steep and high;  
In vain you seek her temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh:  
The shining throne is waiting,  
But he alone can take it  
Who says, with Roman firmness,  
“I'll find a way, or make it!”

Is Learning your ambition?

There is no royal road;

Alike the peer and peasant

Must climb to her abode;

Who feels the thirst for knowledge

s

In Helicon may slake it,

If he has still the Roman will,

To "find a way, or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?

They must be bravely sought;

10

With wishing and with fretting,

The boon cannot be bought;

To all the prize is open,

But only he can take it,

Who says, with Roman courage,

xs

"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

1. How did the Roman take the fortress? How can Fame be had? Learning? Riches? What has the story of the Roman to do with the rest of the poem?

2. How many stanzas are in the poem? What does each one tell about?

3. Find another word for each of the following: *im-pēr'ial*; *croak'er*; *ăs-pĭ-rā'tion*; *ăm-bĭ'tion*; *pēas'ănt*; *a-bōde'*; *Hĕl'i-cōn*; *boon*. Then read your new word in place of the old one, and see if it makes the meaning clear to you.

## THE QUAKER'S GIFT

“ **L**EVI, can you make up your mind to live at home and be a farmer?”

“ I would rather be a tanner than a farmer.”

“ Very well,” answered his father, who was willing to let Levi follow his own tastes, as he was now seventeen years old; “ very well, my son, I will try and find a place for you.”

Very shortly a place was found for master Levi with a good Quaker. When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the honest Quaker said:

“ Levi, if thou art a good lad, I will do well by thee; if not, I will send thee home again. All the bargain I will make with thee is that thou shalt do as well by me as I do by thee.”

“ Very well, sir,” said Levi; “ I will do my best.”

Levi now went to work with hearty good will. He worked hard, read his Bible, said his prayers; and was steady, honest, and good-natured. The Quaker liked him. He liked the Quaker. The Quaker was satisfied, and Levi was happy; the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away.

One day Levi's master said to him:

“ Levi, I think of making thee a present when thy time is out.”

Levi smiled at this pleasant piece of news, and said, “ I shall be very happy to receive any gift you offer.”

Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Levi and added, "I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but it shall be worth more than a thousand pounds to thee!"

"More than a thousand pounds!" said Levi to himself, his eyes sparkling at the bare thought of such a costly gift. "What can it be?" That was the puzzling question which buzzed about in Levi's brain from that time until the day before he was out of his apprenticeship. On that day the Quaker said to him : 10

"Levi, thy time is up to-morrow; but I will take thee and thy present home to-day."

Levi breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit, he soon joined the Quaker, but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth 15 over a thousand pounds. He puzzled himself about it all the way, and said to himself, "Perhaps my master has forgotten it."

At last they reached Levi's home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker turned to 20 him and said :

"Levi, I will give thy present to thy father."

"As you please, sir," replied Levi, now on the very tiptoe of expectation.

"Well," said the Quaker, speaking to Levi's father, 25 "your son is the best boy I have ever had." Then turning to Levi he added, "This is thy present, Levi, a good name!"

Levi blushed; and certainly he felt disappointed when his golden visions so suddenly vanished. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling waggishly:

s "I would rather hear you say that of my son, sir, than to see you give him all the money you are worth; for 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'"

1. Put yourself in Levi's place. Would you be satisfied with the Quaker's gift? Why was Levi's father pleased?

2. What do most people mean when they speak of a person as "a successful man" or "a successful woman"? Are their ideas of success right or wrong? What is your idea of a successful person?

3. Levi worked as an "apprentice." Explain what an apprentice is. Do people work now as apprentices in this country? How do boys and girls now learn trades? Are they paid while they learn?

---

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

A good name is better than precious ointment.

— *The Bible.*

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

BY SIDNEY DYER

LIFE is a race where some succeed  
While others are beginning ;  
'Tis luck sometimes, at others, speed,  
That gives an early winning.  
But if you chance to fall behind,  
Ne'er slacken your endeavor ;  
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,  
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well ;  
But never trip your neighbor ;  
'Tis noble when you can excel  
By honest, patient labor ;  
But if you are outstripped at last,  
Press on as bold as ever ;  
Remember, though you are surpassed,  
'Tis better late than never.

1. You are kept away from school during the forenoon by the illness of your mother. If she is well enough for you to go to school in the afternoon, should you go? Answer by a line from the above poem.

2. The third line says luck sometimes helps one. Does it? Does luck help you win many games or solve many arithmetic problems? What is better than luck?

## BETTER THAN GOLD

BY ABRAM J. RYAN

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please.  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,  
Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth.  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
May adorn and ennable a poor man's cot ;  
For mind and morals in nature's plan  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

1. How many things are named above as being better than gold? Which of these do you think is best? Why?

2. Put the following lines in your own words: 5-7; 9; 11-12. To do this you will need to understand every word in the lines. List those you do not know and find their meanings.

## THE BROKEN KITE

(OSCAR and CARROLL are two brothers who live in the country. TIMBOO is a young East Indian who has come to America to attend school and is living in the house of OSCAR and CARROLL. Being good-natured and intelligent, he is much liked by the boys and has a great deal of influence over them. The scene of the story is the garden at the home of OSCAR and CARROLL. TIMBOO is at work spading the ground and whistling merrily.)

TIMBOO (*looking up from his work*). There they come again with some dispute to be settled. I wonder which one is to blame this time.

(Enter OSCAR and CARROLL.)

CARROLL. Just see, Timboo! See how Oscar has broken my kite.

(TIMBOO raises his finger, and the boys suddenly stop.)

TIMBOO. Wait a moment. You didn't start exactly together. Get all ready, both of you, and when I say, "One, two, three," begin. You must both begin at once and talk as loud and as fast as you can.

CARROLL (*vexed*). Oh, pshaw, Timboo! You're only making fun of us, and you're always making fun of us.

OSCAR. This is something serious, and we want you to settle it.

TIMBOO. I can't settle it till I find out about it; and I don't see how I'm ever going to find out very much.

CARROLL. Why, I'll tell you.

OSCAR. No, I'll tell you.

5 TIMBOO. Do you hear that? How do I know which one to listen to?

CARROLL. To me!

OSCAR. To me!

TIMBOO. Well, I don't believe that either of you  
10 is capable of telling the story.

CARROLL. Why not?

TIMBOO. Because the one who undertakes to tell it, will tell only what is in his own favor. He will keep back everything that is in the other boy's favor.  
15 That's the way you always do.

CARROLL. No, Timboo, I'll tell the whole story, and I'll tell it fair.

OSCAR. So will I! So will I!

TIMBOO. Very well. I'll hear Carroll; but he  
20 must agree to my conditions.

CARROLL. Conditions! What are they, Timboo?

TIMBOO. Why, if you keep back anything that is in Oscar's favor or against yourself, you must allow me to punish you for each offense.

25 CARROLL. How will you punish me?

TIMBOO. In whatever way I think best. I shall make you smart, you may depend. So you had better be honest.

CARROLL. Well, I agree. I'll tell the story just as it really was, and I won't keep back anything. You see (*talking very slowly and earnestly*) — you see, Oscar wanted to go and fly my kite — no, we both wanted to go, and — so — and so — I lent Oscar the kite, and we went. Well, we went up the hill, and Oscar took the string to run with the kite, and — and — when he was running I saw that the kite was going into a tree — and I told him to stop and he wouldn't — and so the kite went into the tree, and he pulled on the string, and the kite was all torn to pieces, as you see.

TIMBOO. Is that all?

CARROLL. Yes — I think so.

TIMBOO. Well, Oscar, you've heard Carroll's story. Do you think it is a full and fair statement of the case? 15

OSCAR. No; I don't think it is.

TIMBOO. Very well. Tell me what he has kept back that would be in your favor. But first let me get my black-elastic punisher ready.

(*He takes out of his pocket a strong rubber band and snaps it once or twice in the air.*)

CARROLL. What are you going to do with that? 20

TIMBOO. I'm going to punish you for everything in Oscar's favor that you have kept back.

CARROLL. Oh, Timboo! How are you going to punish me with that rubber?

TIMBOO. I'm going to snap you with it. 25

CARROLL. Oh, but that will hurt!

86

TIMBOO. Of course it will hurt. I mean it to hurt. You agreed to be punished, didn't you? What sort of punishment would it be if it didn't hurt?

CARROLL. I don't know, I'm sure.

5 TIMBOO. Now, Oscar, what have you to say? What did Carroll keep back that was in your favor?

OSCAR. Well, I'll tell you. He said that he lent me the kite; but I don't think that was exactly right. He agreed to furnish the kite, if I would furnish the string; and we were to fly the kite together.

TIMBOO. Is that how it was, Carroll?

CARROLL. Yes; but that's the same thing.

TIMBOO. Not at all. You told me that you lent Oscar the kite, which means that you simply let him have it as a favor. You kept back the fact that he lent you his twine at the same time. So turn your back this way. You must have a smart snap for that.

CARROLL. Oh, Timboo! Please don't snap hard. It will hurt.

(*Timboo snaps him between the shoulders.*

*Carroll jumps as though hurt, and cries out.*)

20 CARROLL. Oh — oh — ! That was too hard!

TIMBOO. Not a bit. It takes some pretty hard snaps to knock unfairness out of a boy when he is telling of a difficulty with others. Now, Oscar, what else did he keep back?

25 OSCAR. He didn't say that it was his plan to fly

the kite where the trees are. I wanted to stay in the field. I told him that the kite would get lodged in some tree; but he wouldn't listen to me.

TIMBOO. Is that true, Carroll?

CARROLL. Ye-yes!

TIMBOO. Then turn round here again.

CARROLL. Oh, no, Timboo!

TIMBOO. Yes, turn round.

CARROLL. No, you've snapped me enough.

TIMBOO. Then you break your word. You agree<sup>10</sup> to do a thing, and now you go back on your agreement, just for fear of a little smart. (*Snaps his own knee with the rubber.*) See! Do you care a snap for your word, Carroll?

CARROLL (*turning his back*). All right then.<sup>15</sup>  
But please be gentle, Timboo.

(*Timboo snaps him again. Carroll jumps and cries out as before.*)

TIMBOO. Now, Oscar, what else did he keep back?

OSCAR. Well, when the kite began to go into the tree, he called out to me, first, to run as hard as I could. Then, when the kite was tangled in the<sup>20</sup> branches, he told me to stop; and I did stop as soon as I could.

TIMBOO. Oh, Carroll! Worse and worse! I wish I had a bigger rubber so as to give you what you deserve.

OSCAR. No, Timboo. Please don't snap him again.

TIMBOO. Well, if you forgive him, I'll let him off; and I may as well put my elastic punisher away.

OSCAR. And what about the kite and the twine?

TIMBOO. Oh, it isn't worth while to trouble about them. When you agreed to fly the kite, you agreed as to the risks in regard to both the twine and the kite. So neither one of you should complain of the other. As soon as I have finished weeding this bed of radishes, we will go to the shop together, and untangle the twine, and make a new kite.

OSCAR. Thank you, Timboo!

CARROLL. Thank you, Timboo. You are very kind.

(*The boys go out, and Timboo resumes his work.*)

1. This is a little play. Three of your class should take the parts and act them out as they read.

2. What was the real cause of the difficulty between Oscar and Carroll? In our courts witnesses agree to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Why?



## THE KEY TO THE BOX

By KATHERINE PYLE

“WHAT would you do,” said the little key  
To the teakwood box, “except for me?”

The teakwood box gave a gentle creak  
To the little key, but it did not speak.

“I believe,” said the key, “that I will hide  
In the crack down by the chimney side,

5

“Just so this proud old box may see  
How little it’s worth except for me.”

It was long, long afterward, in a crack  
They found the key, and they brought it back;

10

And it thought, as it chuckled and laughed to itself,  
“Now I’ll be good to the box on the shelf.”

But the little key stopped with a shiver and shock,  
For there was a bright new key in the lock;

And the old box said, “I am sorry, you see,  
But the place is filled, my poor little key.”

15

—*Prose and Verse for Children.*

1. Who had the worse of the “joke”? What is likely to happen to people who think they are more important than their jobs?

## THE OLD SCRAP BOX

BY MRS. G. R. ALDEN

M<sup>r.</sup> PETERS, a somewhat eccentric old merchant, stuck up a notice in a window of his store that there was a "boy wanted," and the card remained there a great while before he got the boy he was after. John Simmons, and Charley Jones, and one or two besides, were taken for a few days, but none of them stood trial.

Mr. Peters had a peculiar way of trying them. There was a huge long box in the attic, full of old nails and screws and miscellaneous bits of rusty hardware, and when a new boy came, the old gentleman presently found occasion to send him up there to set the box to rights, and he judged the quality of the boy by the way he managed the work. All pottered over it more or less, but soon gave it up in disgust and reported that there was nothing in the box worth saving.

At last Crawford Mills was hired. He knew none of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."  
25 "All right; it is dinner time now; you may go."

After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece, which Crawford handed to Mr. Peters.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters; "it's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said putting <sup>15</sup> the gold piece into his pocketbook.

After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered.

Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in the different tills he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top labeled thus: "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small <sup>20</sup> keys, somewhat bent," "Picture hooks," "Pieces of iron, whose use I don't know"; and so on through the long box.

In perfect order the box was, at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found <sup>25</sup> within it. But Mr. Peters, as he read the labels, laughed and said, "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became errand boy to the well-known firm of Peters & Company. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him.

"It tells your fortune for you ; don't forget it," Mr. Peters said when he handed it to Crawford ; and the boy laughed and read it curiously :

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

All this happened many years ago. Crawford Mills is an errand boy no more ; but the firm is now Peters, Mills & Co.— and young Crawford has found his fortune.

1. What test did Mr. Peters give to the boys who applied for work? What did he want to find out?
2. Why did he hire Crawford Mills? Why did Crawford later become a member of the firm?
3. Find the meaning of any of these words that you do not understand. Pronounce them properly : eccentric ; miscellaneous ; ignorance ; leisure ; disappeared ; curiously ; faithful.
4. List the above words, indicating their syllables and accents. Place the proper mark over or under each leading vowel. Your dictionary will help you do this.
5. Make these words your own by using them in your conversation at least four times within the next week.

## THE WILL AND THE WAY

THERE'S something I'd have you remember, boys,  
To help in the battle of life ;  
It will give you strength in the time of need  
And help in the hour of strife.

Whenever there's something that should be done,  
Don't be a coward, and say,  
"What use to try?" Remember, then,  
That "where there's a will there's a way."

There's many a failure for those who win,  
But though at first they fail  
They try again, and the earnest ones  
Are sure at last to prevail.

Though the mountain is steep and hard to climb  
You can win the heights, I say,  
If you make up your mind to reach the top,  
For "where there's a will there's a way."

The men who stand at the top are those  
Who never could bear defeat ;  
Their failures only made them strong  
For the work they had to meet.  
The will to do and the will to dare  
Is what we want to-day ;  
What has been done can be done again,  
For the will finds out the way.

5

10

25

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## THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

SITTING in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again.

She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; <sup>s</sup> this is proper comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimblly; and not selling much makes me kind of down-hearted." *V. J. L.*

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the <sup>10</sup> old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried <sup>15</sup> the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cockles of my heart!" <sup>20</sup>

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet <sup>25</sup> face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered

to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, shoe laces, and colored soap. The lady's act was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman.

q G

1. What happened in the station? Who were present? Who were the chief actors?

2. Is it always wise to give to beggars? Discuss.



## A PSALM OF LIFE

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !

And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

1. What is it the poet says is not true? Where does he say this? What does he say *is* true?
2. After you have read the poem, and have its general meaning, take each stanza and explain it. Make a note of the lines whose meaning is not clear to you, and ask the class for interpretations.
3. Memorize your favorite stanza.
4. Who was Longfellow? Find his biography in the encyclopedia and write a brief account of him.

## SOLOMON'S CHOICE

THE Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before Thee in truth and in righteousness and in uprightness of heart with Thee; and Thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that Thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

And now, O Lord my God, Thou hast made Thy servant king instead of David, my father; and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.

And Thy servant is in the midst of Thy people which Thou hast chosen, a great people that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this, Thy so great a people?

And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing.

And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked

the life of thine enemies, but has asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment —

Behold I have done according to thy words: lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days.

20 And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.

— *The Bible.*

## PROMOTED

By JOHN OXENHAM

THERE was his duty to be done, —  
*And he did it.*

No thought of glory to be won;  
There was his duty to be done, —

*And he did it.*

Wounded when scarce the fight begun,  
Of all his fellows left not one;  
There was his duty to be done, —

*And he did it.*

Death's fiery hail he did not shun,  
 Fearless he stood, unmoved, alone,  
 Beside his eager, useless gun ;  
 There was his duty to be done, —

*And he did it.*

5

Britain be proud of such a son ! —  
 Deathless the fame that he has won.  
 Only a boy, — but such a one ! —  
 Standing forever to his gun :  
 There was his duty to be done, —

10

*And he did it.*

10

Let every soul in all the land  
 Revere his steadfast loyalty.  
 Britain shall all unconquered stand  
 While she can breed such sons as he.  
 His brave, short life was nobly planned  
 On lines of perfect fealty,  
 His death fulfilled his King's command,  
 "Aye ready be to come to Me!"

*And he did it.*

15

1. What has the poem to do with the title? Is it well named?
2. Who is the hero of the poem? Prove that he was a hero by selecting lines or phrases from the poem and reading them aloud to the class. What country was he serving?
3. Who is the "King" in line 18?



## PLEASING EVERYBODY

"IF YOU please," said the Weather Vane to the Wind, "will you turn to the south? There is such a cry against the cold that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter."

So the Wind came from the south; clouds hid the face of the sun and rain fell in showers.

"Oh, please turn me from the south!" said the Weather Vane to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoiled; the hay wants dry weather; and while I stay here, rain it will. And what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are all angry at me."

So the Wind shifted into the west and there came soft drying breezes, day after day.

"Oh, dear," said the Weather Vane, "here is a deal of trouble! Such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me, the first thing every morning! The grass is drying up, and there is no water for the cattle. And what is to be done? The farmers say that there will be no corn. Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon this the Wind grew very angry and with a fierce puff sent the Weather Vane into the east.

"What do they say to you now?" he asked, after a few days. xc

"Why," said the Weather Vane, "everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted. That's what they say; and somehow or other they lay it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault. I <sup>is</sup> see it is impossible for you or me to please everybody, so in future I shall do what I think best, and you will point where I tell you without asking any questions. In that way we shall satisfy more people than we do now with all our consideration." 20

1. Why did the weather vane fail in its efforts? Is the moral of this lesson that you should not try to please anybody? Discuss.
2. A girl clerk in a store failed to please two customers one morning. She quit trying to please any of her customers for the rest of the day. What happened?
3. A policeman agrees to please everybody. Make up a story, telling what troubles he had in one day.

## WHAT HE LEARNED

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

"I LEARNED this over there," said a soldier lad  
to me,

"That the general and the private are as like as they  
can be;

And though one is giving orders and the other one  
obeys,

There'd be no such thing as freedom if they pulled in  
separate ways.

The thing that counts in battle is a centralized control

With everybody in it set to reach a common goal.

"The general wasn't fighting just because he loved to  
fight;

He'd the everlasting notion that his country's cause  
was right.

15 The flag that waved above us meant as much to him  
as me,

And the thing that he was after wasn't fame, but  
victory.

And I came to understand it, that beneath the shoulder  
20 straps

And the markings on the tunic, we were ordinary  
chaps.

(From *Just Folks*, copyrighted by Reilly and Lee Co., Publishers. Reproduced by per-  
mission.)

"He was thinking of his children in the way I thought of mine.

He was wondering where men went to when death took them from the line.

Oh, I don't know how to tell it, but down beneath the skin

We were all alike in Flanders, with a common goal to win.

And we just forgot our notions and our separate ranks and creeds,

And worked and pulled together—and that's all a nation needs.

"I learned this over there," said a soldier lad to me,  
"That the general and the private are as like as they can be.

And when people come to know it—when they learn that every man

Wants to win his way to Heaven and to do the best he can—

They'll just work and pull together for the glory of the soul,

And be one united army marching toward a common goal."

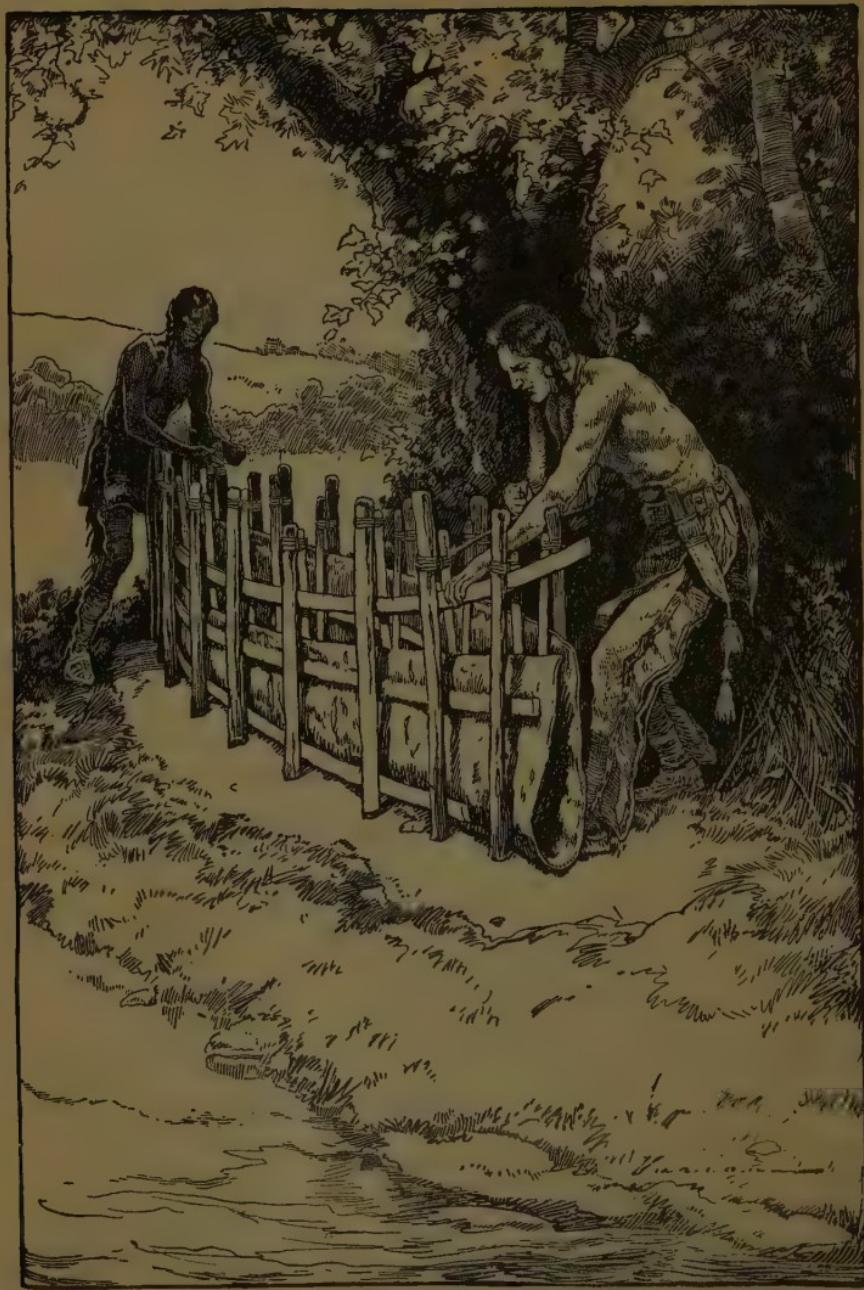
26

1. This is the lesson one soldier learned in the World War. State it in your own words. How does this lesson apply to your school?

2. Explain the reference to: Flanders; private; tunic; goal; centralized control.

## INDIAN TALES

*A simple, care-free life in the open; endless hunting and fishing; eternal camp life in wood or by lake or river. These are the alluring things in the lives of the Indians: they are the poetry of a lost people. On the other hand, the red man's war whoop was the worst terror our pioneer ancestors knew. Wild beasts, famine, and pestilence could be endured calmly; but Indians—. This sheaf of stories sets forth both the poetry and the sterner prose of Indian life.*



BUILDING THE CANOE (*See page 187*)

## THE INDIAN'S DREAM

LONG, long before Columbus came to America, the Red Children were here. They were the first and only real Americans. From the Big Sea Water on the east to the Big Sea Water on the west, ranged these Children of the Sun, as they called themselves. Happy and free as the sunlight and air about them, they ran through wide forests all their own or plied their bark canoes up and down the streams.

Then the Indian had a dream. This was long before Columbus dreamed his dream of the Western World. In his dream the Indian saw a great White Bird coming out of the east. Its wings were stretched wide to the north and south. With great strength and speed it swept toward the setting sun. In fear and wonder the Indian watched this giant White Bird appear and disappear. He knew its meaning and the Indian's heart was sad.

Then the White man came. From the Big Sea Water on the east he came, in his great white-winged canoe. With one hand pointing to the Great Spirit and with the other extended to the Red man, he came. He asked for a small seat. A seat the size of a buffalo skin would be quite large enough for him, he said.

In the name of the Great Spirit the Red Children greeted the White man and called him "Brother." They gave him the seat he asked. They gave him a

large buffalo skin also, and showed him where he could spread it by their council fire. The White man took the buffalo skin. He thanked his Red brother in the name of the Great Spirit. Then he began to cut the skin into many, many small strips. When the whole <sup>s</sup> buffalo skin had been cut into narrow strips, he tied the strips together. They made a long cord that would reach over a long trail. In amazement the Indians watched the White man while he measured off a seat as long and as broad as this cord would reach around. <sup>10</sup> The "small seat," the size of a buffalo skin, became a tract of land.

Soon the White man asked for another seat. This time his seat took in the Indians' lodges and camp fire. He asked the Indians if they would move on a <sup>15</sup> few arrow flights. This they did. Then the White man wanted another seat. Each time it took a larger skin for him to sit upon. This time the skin stretched so far that it covered the Indians' hunting grounds.

Again the Indians moved on. Again the White man <sup>20</sup> followed. Each time his seat grew larger, until the Indian had a place but the size of a buffalo skin on which to sit.

Thus it was that the White man came. Like a great White Bird that swept from the Big Sea Water <sup>25</sup> on the east to the Big Sea Water on the west, the White man came; and he drove the Indian from the rising to the setting sun.



## AN INDIAN CAMP

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

This is a description of an Indian camp, by an eyewitness. The author made a trip to the Northwest in 1845, and related what he saw in *The Oregon Trail*.

A LITTLE farther on I found a very small meadow, set deeply among steep mountains; and here the whole village had encamped. The little spot was crowded with the confused and disorderly host. Some of the lodges were already completely prepared, or the squaws perhaps were busy in drawing the heavy coverings of skin over the bare poles. Others were as yet mere skeletons, while others still — poles, covering, and all — lay scattered in complete disorder on the ground among buffalo robes, bales of meat, domestic utensils, harness, and weapons.

Squaws were screaming to one another, horses rearing and plunging, dogs yelping, eager to be disburdened of their loads, while the fluttering of feathers and the gleam of barbaric ornaments added liveliness to the scene. The small children ran about amid the crowd, while many of the boys were scrambling among the overhanging rocks, and standing, with their little bows in their hands, looking down upon the restless crowd.

In contrast with the general confusion, a circle of old men and warriors sat in the midst, smoking in profound indifference and tranquillity. The disorder at length subsided. The horses were driven away to feed along the adjacent valley, and the camp assumed an air of listless repose.

It was scarcely past noon; a vast white canopy of smoke from a burning forest to the eastward overhung the place and partially obscured the sun; yet the heat was almost insupportable. The lodges stood crowded together without order in the narrow space. Each was a perfect hothouse, within which the lazy proprietor lay sleeping with the perspiration bursting from every pore.

The camp was silent as death. Nothing stirred except now and then an old woman passing from lodge to lodge. The girls and young men sat together in groups under the pine trees upon the surrounding heights. The dogs lay panting on the ground, too lazy even to growl at the white man.

At the entrance of the meadow there was a cold spring among the rocks, completely overshadowed by tall trees and dense undergrowth. In this cool and shady retreat a number of girls were assembled sitting together on rocks and fallen logs, discussing the latest gossip of the village, or laughing and throwing water with their hands.

Evening approached at last; the tall mountain tops around were still bright in sunshine, while our deep glen was completely shadowed. I left the camp and ascended a neighboring hill, whose rocky summit commanded a wide view over the surrounding wilderness.

Such a scene is even more impressive at that hour of sunset when the whole breathless waste, forest, precipice, and mountain side are bathed in the same ruddy light. The sun was still glaring through the stiff pines on the ridge of the western mountains. In a moment he was gone, and as the landscape rapidly darkened. I turned again toward the village.

—*The Oregon Trail.*

1. What were the Indians doing as described in the first two paragraphs? Who did the work?
2. What were the men, the women, and the younger folks doing at noon? How did the scene look at sunset?
3. Explain: domestic utensils; confusion; tranquillity; obscured; ascended; precipice.
4. Francis Parkman (1823-1893) was a noted American historian. He wrote mostly about the settling of America and the Indian wars.



Frank J. Marsh

## THE SLAYER OF THE SPOTTED CALF

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

THERE was once an old woman who was very poor. All her children were dead and she had but one grandchild, a young boy, named Katit. These two dwelt apart from the rest of the tribe, and, as they had almost nothing of their own, they lived upon, the scraps and leavings of others.

One day the tribe moved to another and a better place where there was much game, and Katit and his grandmother followed the trail far in the rear.

"What is that?" asked the old woman, pointing to something which was lying among the bushes.

"I will see," said Katit, and he went to it. It was an old brown horse, blind in one eye, with a sore back and a swollen knee; and it looked pitifully at Katit. The boy felt sorry for the beast.

"Your master has left you because you are poor," he said; "but I know that to be poor and have no

friends is hard. Come with me and I will be your friend." Then the horse got up and put its nose in Katit's hand and laid its head upon his shoulder. And Katit gave it a wisp of grass to eat, and the horse ate gratefully. Then Katit patted the horse gently and it whinnied; and when the boy strode on after the trail the brown horse followed close behind him. When Katit reached the camp where the tribe had stopped, he found a great stir among the warriors and young men.

"What is it?" he asked of a young chief who had always been good-natured to him.

"Buffaloes," he answered. "A herd of buffaloes and a spotted calf. Bear Chief has said that whoever kills the spotted calf may have his daughter to wife."

The boy saw that all the young men were catching their fastest ponies and making ready to attack the buffalo herd, which was now three or four miles away. He wanted to see the hunt, and so he mounted his old horse and rode along with the rest. But how the braves laughed!

"See Katit and his fine horse!" they shouted, pointing at him. "He will certainly win Bear Chief's daughter! That horse will surely overtake the spotted calf!"

Katit turned aside, and hot tears gushed from his eyes and scorched his cheeks until they felt like burning coals. But he would not let anyone see. He

turned aside with his horse and rode down to the river bank while all the rest galloped away in pursuit of the herd. He dismounted from his horse and threw himself on the ground; he hid his face in his hands and wept. Then he heard a voice.

“Plaster me over with mud!” it said. It was a strange voice and it spoke strange words. Katit looked up. He gazed all around him, but could see no human being. The horse was standing with drooping head by the riverside.

“Plaster me over with mud!” the voice repeated impatiently. Katit sprang up and looked again. On both sides of the stream, into the thicket, up to the blue sky, he looked; but saw no one.

“Tirawa mocks me, or else a spirit speaks,” he said sadly.

Then the voice came again.

“To find a thing, look where it is!” And this time Katit saw that it was the horse talking. He stood amazed, and stared at the Talking Horse, unable to believe his senses.

“Obey me,” said the horse. “Take mud and plaster me with it.”

Katit, tremblingly and with haste, did as he was told. Then he mounted the horse.

“Watch when the charge upon the buffaloes begins,” said the horse. “Have your arrows ready and I will carry you to the herd.”

Katit sat still and upright upon the horse. Far off he could see the braves upon their fine ponies all drawn up in a line, and a splendid sight they were as they waited for the word to start.

5 Then the Chief cried suddenly, "Loo-ah!" and every brave leaned far over his pony's neck and yelled. The beasts fairly flew as they sped over the prairie in pursuit of the game.

The brown horse heard, too. His feet seemed 10 not to touch the ground, and Katit felt as though a bird were skimming through the air and carrying him on its back. Before he had time to think he found himself far ahead of all the others, and a moment later he saw the spotted calf directly before him.

15 "Urarish!" How swiftly his arrow sped! The spotted calf leaped upward, pierced to the heart. It fell to the ground dead.

Quickly Katit sprang from the Talking Horse, and drawing his knife, began to skin the calf. The horse 20 danced about and neighed, and did not seem like the same poor beast that he had befriended earlier in the day. It could see with both eyes, its legs were strong, and its coat was glossy and bright.

Katit placed the buffalo meat on the horse's back, 25 and over it he threw the spotted robe. Then he led his horse back to camp, while the young men who had seen his prowess looked after him with wonder.

One of the braves offered to give him twelve horses

for the spotted robe, because he wished much to marry the Chief's daughter; but Katit would not listen to him.

"You laughed at me," he said. "Now I take my turn."<sup>5</sup>

When he reached his grandmother's lodge, she ran out to meet him.

"I have brought you a fine store of meat," he said. "Take it while I carry the spotted robe to the Chief."<sup>10</sup>

"How did you get it?" she asked.

"I shot the calf with my arrow," he said proudly. And she was glad.<sup>10</sup>

Then the boy took the spotted robe to the Beau Chief, and the Chief gave it to his squaw. Katit did not wait to demand the daughter of the Chief. He said to himself: "He would never give her to one so poor as I. How could I take the maiden to my wretched lodge? What would she think of the torn skins all tied together with strings of rawhide?"<sup>15</sup>

Then he went slowly back to his grandmother. He had seen the daughter of the Chief and she was very fair. And he was sad.<sup>20</sup>

—*Indian Folk Tales.*

1. This is an Indian legend variously told by different tribes. What is its purpose?

2. By what magic did Katit kill the spotted calf?

# THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

“**G**IVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree !  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree !

5  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley !  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily !

10  
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree !  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the summer time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper !”

15  
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.

20  
And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !”

With his knife the tree he girdled ;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward ;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !  
     Of your strong and pliant branches,  
 My canoe to make more steady,  
 Make more strong and firm beneath me !”

Through the summit of the Cedar  
 Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
 Went a murmur of resistance ;  
 But it whispered, bending downward,  
 “Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
 Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
 Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !  
 Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree !  
 My canoe to bind together,  
 So to bind the ends together  
 That the water may not enter,  
 That the river may not wet me !”

And the Larch, with all its fibers,  
 Shivered in the air of morning,  
 Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
 Said with one long sigh of sorrow,

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“Take them all, O Hiawatha.”

From the earth he tore the fibers,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

5

“Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree !  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me !”

10

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha !”

15

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

20

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom !”

25

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
 Saying with a drowsy murmur,  
 Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
 All the little shining arrows,  
 Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
 With the juice of roots and berries;

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
 In the valley by the river,  
 In the bosom of the forest;  
 And the forest's life was in it,  
 All its mystery and magic—  
 All the lightness of the birch tree,  
 All the toughness of the cedar,  
 All the larch's supple sinews;  
 And it floated on the river  
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
 Like a yellow water lily.

— *The Song of Hiawatha.*

1. To whom did Hiawatha go for materials to build his canoe? What did he get from each?
2. How far advanced is the building of the canoe in the picture on page 176?
3. This poem is best read aloud or recited. Practice reading it aloud and observe the music of the words.
4. This is only a small part of the poem. What other parts of it have you read?

## AMONG THE INDIANS

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

WE FIND Indians at the railroad stations in many parts of the West. They have come to sell us pottery, baskets, and buffalo horns, and purses and moccasins made of skins embroidered with beads. How sober they look as they stand about with their merchandise in their hands! Their faces are of a reddish or copper color. That is why they are called the Red race. They have high cheek bones, straight noses, black eyes, and long, coarse black hair. Both men and women part their hair in the middle.

But where are the feathers which we usually see on the Indian's head in the pictures? Very few Indians wear feathers in their hair in times of peace. They now dress much like white people, except that some of them have gayly colored blankets over their shoulders. The men wear soft hats, but the women have their heads bare or covered with a shawl.

Some of the women carry curious bundles on their backs. The bundles look like bags or boxes, made in the shape of a little coffin. There, a woman has turned about, and we can see her bundle more plainly. Notice the hole in the top and the odd little brown head peeping out. That is a papoose, or Indian baby. See how sober it is. It turns its head but it does not cry. Indian babies seldom cry, although you might

think that being squeezed and cramped would make them do so. When the mother goes home, she takes the baby off her back and stands it, still in its cradle, up against a log or the side of the house until she is ready to take it again.

5

Where did the Indians come from?

When Columbus discovered America, there were Indians all over this continent. They were the only inhabitants on this side of the world. There were not many of them, and it is said that all those of our country numbered less than half as many people as there are now in Philadelphia.

When our forefathers settled along the Atlantic coast they got some land of the Indians by making treaties with them. Then there were Indian wars during which they took more land; and, step by step, the white men crowded the red men westward. We made other treaties, by which we paid the Indians for their lands, until now all they have left is but a small part of the territory originally occupied by them. This land is chiefly in the West, and a large part of it lies in the Rocky Mountain region. It is in scattered tracts, called reservations, each in most cases occupied by one tribe of Indians. Many of the reservations are small, consisting of but a few hundred acres, and others are as large as some of the smaller states of the Union. All together, the lands so set aside contain many millions of acres. They are scattered through a great

part of the United States west of the Mississippi River. Some tribes have given up a part of their reservations for sale to the white settlers, and the Indians live upon the remainder, which the government has divided into smaller tracts and given to them individually. This land is held in trust for the Indians until they show themselves competent to manage their own affairs, and during the trust period it cannot be disposed of without the consent of the government.

10 Are there different kinds of Indians?

Yes, indeed; all the Indians are by no means alike. If the boys of the different tribes were to come together, they could no more understand one another than we could understand the children of Germany,  
15 France, or Italy. There are more than two hundred different Indian dialects spoken, and the only way some tribes have of communicating with other tribes is by signs.

There is also a great difference in the customs of the  
20 tribes. Some are more civilized than others. Most of the Indians who once lived east of the Mississippi now reside on the Western reservations, and engage in farming and stock raising, or other peaceful pursuits of civilized life. The Indians have a great deal of property.  
25 In 1914 our government estimated the value of their possessions at nine hundred million dollars. Some of this was in agricultural lands and some in forests. Some was in oil lands and some in mineral lands of

other kinds, while a great deal was in money that had been received from the sale of the Indian lands and deposited in the United States Treasury for them.

In former times the Indians were dangerous and cruel foes. They hid behind rocks and bushes, and when cornered would fight to the death. A warrior was held in great honor. To-day all such things are done away with, and our government is gradually civilizing even what were formerly the most primitive tribes. But the early Indians were also strong and brave friends and proved of great help to the white settlers in many ways.

The Indians are fond of their children. They teach them to be brave and to endure severe pain without crying or flinching. In many of the tribes boys are taught to hunt and fish. They learn to paddle canoes, and both boys and girls play about in the water. Nearly every tribe has some strange customs relating to children. For instance, the Chippewas of Minnesota choose their own names. When a boy arrives at the age of twelve or thirteen, he finds, some morning, a bowl of charcoal placed before him instead of his regular food. He knows what this means. He must go off into the woods and fast. He remains in the woods until he falls asleep, and if during his sleep he dreams of some animal, he chooses the name of that animal as his own name, and that animal is considered his guardian spirit.

In some parts of the Southwest are Indians whose forefathers were farmers long before Columbus discovered America. The Hopi Indians and others of New Mexico and Arizona have always had towns, and very odd towns they are. Often you will see a little flat-topped hill rising seven or eight hundred feet above the rest of the country. Upon these the Indians built their houses in the early days, because there they were safe from wild animals and also from their enemies, and they continue this practice to the present day.

They make their houses of stone or sun-dried bricks, and build one on top of another, in great terraces, or steps, so that they can climb on ladders from house to house. In some of the pueblos, or towns, there are no doors to the first house, and one has to go up a ladder and get on the roof before he comes to the ground floor. To reach the second house, one must enter from the roof of the first, and so on.

The roofs of the lower houses form the playgrounds of the children above. In many of these towns the dogs and cats, as well as the children, climb up and down ladders and steep stone steps, going with the greatest ease from roof to roof.

Many of the Pueblo Indians are farmers. Some of them have large peach orchards, surrounded by stone walls to keep out the sheep and goats. They raise apricots, watermelons, and also pumpkins, beans, and

corn. They make blankets, baskets, and pottery, and are in many other ways quite civilized.

The Navajo (nav'a-ho) Indians have thousands of horses and hundreds of thousands of sheep. They are industrious and frugal. They live in little round huts made of poles covered with earth. These huts have holes in the top for chimneys. Some most beautiful blankets are made by the Navajo women. They are woven by hand and sometimes sell for as much as one hundred dollars apiece.

A large number of Indians live in what was once the Indian Territory, but which is now a part of the State of Oklahoma. This territory was set aside more than fifty years ago, and Congress hoped to make it the home of all the Indians. As it is now, much of it is owned by the five civilized tribes — the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles. Many of these Indians are more civilized than some of our white people. They have beautiful houses and large and prosperous farms. They have schools and churches. The tribal form of government is gradually being abolished.

The Cherokees have an alphabet, and their books are printed in their own language. Many of the men of these civilized nations marry white women, and the Indian girls often marry white men.

For a long time our government has been trying to educate and civilize the Indians. We have an

Indian Bureau connected with our Interior Department at Washington, and the head of this is the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Superintendents, who report to him, are placed in charge of every reservation; and through them the Indians are regularly supplied with certain amounts of food, clothing, cattle, horses, and farming tools. Formerly everything was given to the Indians free, but now all except the sick, aged, and disabled must perform labor for what they get or pay for it in cash on the easy-payment plan. Upon some of the reservations irrigation works have been established, and on others mining of various kinds is carried on. Some of the Indians have sawmills, and a great many have farms of their own, thus supporting themselves.

Our government does all it can to make the Indians useful citizens. It regards the red men, women, and children as pupils in a great school, embracing the various reservations, and it has a force of something like six thousand men and women to teach them. It has established several schools for the education of Indian boys and girls.

There are day schools, situated near the homes of the Indians, for pupils from the first to the fifth grade. Here the children study the same things that we do, and the boys are also taught gardening and manual training, while the girls learn sewing and housekeeping. Lunch is served at many of these schools. There are

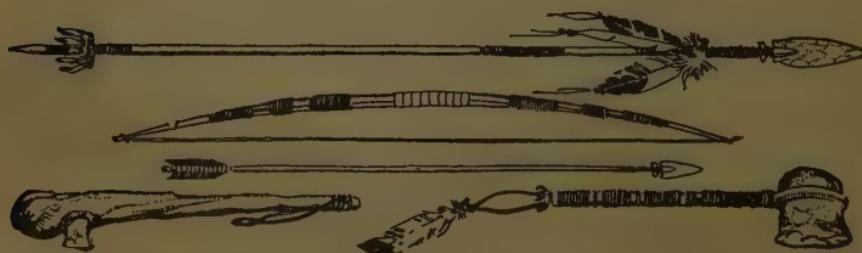
also boarding schools, some on the reservations and some at a distance from them. The children live at the boarding schools and go home only during the summer vacations. These schools have classrooms like ours and also have workshops where the boys learn to be carpenters, masons, printers, tailors, and harness makers. Some study plumbing and others learn to be engineers. If a boy has no land, he is advised to learn a trade. By these means nearly all the Indians have become more or less civilized. They have adopted the white man's clothing, and there is but little doubt that in time all will be cultivating their farms or earning their living by other work as we do.

—*North America.*

1. Make a written outline of this selection by topics. The first might be: I. A description of the Indians. What would II be? How many general divisions are there?

2. With your outline in hand, be able to discuss briefly but clearly some one of the topics. This will require careful re-reading. Think over exactly what you will say, before the recitation period.

3. Show on the map of the United States, the states that are mentioned.



## KWAHU AND KWEWE

By GEORGE N. MORAN

“SON,” said Kokop one day, as Kwahu sat watching him cut a deerskin into moccasins with a sharpened piece of flint, “son, you are to go into the woods with the hunters to-day. There are many who fear they know not what. If the fear is greater than the man, then the man shall not be called a man. Eleven summers have your cheeks been burned in the fierce sun, and as many times have you seen the snow-mantle on the bosom of the Earth Mother. The deer, the fox, and the wolf are cunning, and the bear is brave; but the homes of the hunters are hung with their skins. Your arm is strong. The rest you must prove. Go, you are the son of a chief!”

Kwahu took the bow his father gave him and the arrows tipped with flint. Down the narrow cañon, from the village high up on a hill, the hunting party went; past the scattered open spaces where the corn was growing; over a stretch of desert shimmering in the sun; across the plain and on to the woods beyond. It was a long journey. Kwahu walked proudly with the men, thinking of what old Acmo had taught him of the fox, the wolf, the mountain lion, and the antelope, and how to know the tracks of one animal from those of another. He heard the hunters talk of Kwewe the evil one, father of all wolves, that no hunter had been

able to trap or kill, and he remembered that it was Kwewe that carried off Buli the Butterfly. *JL*

He grasped his bow more firmly; felt in his belt the knife he had made from a stone and sharpened on the rough rocks; walked faster, and resolved that, if possible, he would be the one to kill Kwewe. His thoughts were of the wolf and he looked for tracks. Once he thought he had found them and his heart leaped. But they were the footprints of a fox, and old.

A deer, startled, leaped from the edge of a pool of water and ran. An arrow from a hunter's bow struck it and it fell dead.

Deep in the forest Kwahu heard a strange noise and crouched in the thick underbrush to watch and wait.<sup>15</sup> The rocks beside him were not more still than he. A long time he waited, but no animal came. When at last he stood up, he was alone. The hunters had gone on without him, but he was not afraid. He traced the footprints of his own moccasins back over the trail<sup>20</sup> to where the deer had been killed. Its skin was stretched on the limb of a tree to dry, but no hunters were in sight. On the ground, however, he found the marks of their moccasins, and he followed their trail up the side of the mountain.

As he trudged sturdily along, climbing over great boulders and the trunks of fallen trees, or running quickly across the open spaces where the tracks of the

hunters were easily followed, his thoughts were still of Kwewe the wolf.

A twig snapped on his right, and then another. Kwahu knew that no Indian made a noise when he was hunting, but rather that some animal had stepped on the twigs and broken them. He quickly fitted an arrow to the string of his bow and stood perfectly still, listening. The only sounds he heard were the gentle gurgling of a streamlet over smooth stones and the whispering of the leaves in the trees above him. His whole body trembled, his heart beat fast, and all his strong little muscles tightened as he leaned forward and strained his eyes in search of whatever might be hidden in the woods around him.

Suddenly a giant wolf dashed from a clump of trees in front of Kwahu, not twenty paces from where he stood. Its hair was bristling; its eyes seemed to Kwahu, in the dimness of the forest, like balls of fire; its open, frothing mouth showed ugly, sharp, yellow fangs, and it snarled terribly.

Kwahu did not run. He looked steadily at the ferocious animal and marveled that a wolf could be so big; while the wolf hesitated as if surprised that a boy as small as Kwahu would stand in its path. Then the beast stepped a pace closer and made ready to spring. — All the instincts of the hunter born in Kwahu, all the teachings of old Acmo and the blood of chiefs, helped him to be brave. He quickly stretched his

bow as far as he could, and let fly. The flint-tipped arrow struck the wolf in the eye as it sprang. The same instant another arrow whizzed past Kwahu and struck the wolf, piercing its heart. The animal's body fell almost at the boy's feet.

5

"My son, you have done well!"

At the sound of his father's voice Kwahu looked up. Above him, on a ledge of rock, stood Kokop, surrounded by the hunters.

"We have watched you from a distance," said Kokop, "as you traced our trail. Many bows and mighty arms were here to save you, had you needed help."

The Indians gathered around the body of the giant wolf and examined it.

25

"The small arrow killed," announced old Acmo.

"It is the arrow of my son," said Kokop proudly.

So-winn, the father of Buli, called the others to him as he knelt beside the body of the animal.

"Look!" he said, "it is the lame wolf — the one whose tracks we found in the village. It is the evil one, Kwewe."

— *Kwahu, The Hopi Indian Boy.*

1. Find from the previous story, "Among the Indians," where the Hopi Indians live. This is a Hopi Indian legend, still told to the children of the tribe. Why has it found favor with the Indians?

2. Who was Buli the Butterfly? Get your answer from this story. How did Kwahu take vengeance for what happened to Buli?

## THE GIFT OF MONDAMIN

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

26.

IT WAS in the long ago when Living Statue dwelt on the islands of the Great Lakes. His people warred with the Iroquois and were driven from their lodges. And they fled from before their enemy, and went to dwell beside the lake of the Cut Ears. But Living Statue, who was a magician, stayed behind his people and dwelt upon the Manitou islands, which men call the Manitoulins.

There he kept watch for his people, that he might warn them when the Iroquois were nigh. He kept always by him two boys; and they paddled his canoe by day, and in the night each kept watch by turns, that the Iroquois did not take them by surprise. Each night they would beach the canoe and sleep in the woods.

One day Living Statue rose early and went to hunt. He went through the forest, but found no game. Then he came to a strange place in which he had never before been. There was a broad plain, and as he went over it there sprang up in front of him a little man who wore a red feather on his head. Living Statue said:

“Where are you going? Stay and smoke the peace pipe with me.” And they sat down and smoked together. Then the little man said to Living Statue:

"You are big and I am small. But my strength is great. Let us wrestle together for a trial of strength. But if I fall, say to me: 'I have your strength and mine. I have conquered.'"

They began to wrestle, and they wrestled long.<sup>5</sup> Living Statue was surprised to find how strong the little man was. At last Living Statue threw the little man to the ground and cried out, "I have conquered!"

To his surprise, the little man could not be found. He looked and looked, but he could find no trace of <sup>10</sup> him. But, in the place where he had been, there lay Mondamin, an ear of corn. It was crooked, and at one end there was a red tassel; and it looked like the little man with the red feather.

Then a queer little voice came from the ground, and <sup>15</sup> it said: "Living Statue, take off my robe. Strip it off until only my skin is left. Pull all my body in pieces, and throw it all over the field. Then break up the bones, and scatter them near the wood. Depart and return when the next moon is high in the heavens."<sup>20</sup>

Living Statue did as he was bidden. Then he departed and went to his canoe. He did not return until the next moon; and when he did, he found the plain covered with a strange plant, and vines growing beside the forest.

Then the strange voice came to him from the ground: "Come again in the moon before the Moon of the Falling Leaf."

So when autumn came and the first red bloomed on the leaves of the maple, he went again to the plain. There, where he had wrestled with Red Plume, was a field of growing corn, every tassel in the wind like a flame of fire, and where he had thrown the bones of Mondamin grew great pumpkin vines.

Then the voice of the little man came again to him from the ground and said: "Make a fire, pull my ears from the stalk, and roast them in the ashes. Then eat <sup>to</sup> them."

Living Statue made a fire and roasted the ears in the ashes. He ate them, and they were good. And Red Plume spoke again:

"Your strength was greater than mine. We wrestled <sup>15</sup> and you overcame me. Had you not done so, you would have been destroyed. By your strength you have won this gift for all people."

— *Indian Folk Tales.*

26

1. What does this story attempt to account for?
2. Where did the white people first find corn and pumpkins growing? Why did the Indians think these plants came from a god?



# THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE LAKE

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The time of this story is during the French and Indian Wars — when the colonies were fighting with England against their enemies. The two daughters of Munro were captives from a surrendered English fort and were in the hands of the Indians. Major Heyward, who was in love with one of the girls, was an English officer. The expedition to rescue the sisters was led by Hawkeye, the famous scout, assisted by two friendly Indian chiefs, father and son.

THE heavens were still studded with stars when Hawkeye came to arouse the sleepers. Casting aside their cloaks, Munro and Heyward were on their feet while the woodsman was still making his low calls at the entrance of the rude shelter where they had passed the night. When they issued forth, they found the scout awaiting their appearance near by. The only salutation between them was the significant gesture for silence made by their leader.

"Think over your prayers," he whispered, as they <sup>10</sup> approached him; "for He to whom you make them knows all tongues; that of the heart, as well as those of the mouth. But speak not a syllable. It is rare for a white voice to pitch itself properly in the woods. Come," he continued, turning towards a curtain of <sup>15</sup> the works; "let us get into the ditch on this side, and be regardful to step on the stones and fragments of wood as you go."

His companions complied, though to two of them the reasons of this extraordinary precaution were yet a mystery. When they were in the low cavity that surrounded the earthen fort on three of its sides, they found the passage nearly choked by the ruins. With care and patience, however, they succeeded in clambering after the scout until they reached the sandy shore of the Horicon [Lake George].

"That's a trail that nothing but a nose can follow," said the satisfied scout, looking back along their difficult way. "Grass is a treacherous carpet for a flying party to tread on, but wood and stone take no print from a moccasin. Had you worn your armed boots, there might indeed have been something to fear. But with the deerskin suitably prepared, a man may trust himself, generally, on rocks with safety. Shove in the canoe nigher to the land, Uncas. This sand will take a stamp as easily as the butter of the Jarmans on the Mohawk. Softly, lad, softly. It must not touch the beach, or the knaves will know by what road we have left the place."

The young man observed the precaution; and the scout, laying a board from the ruins to the canoe, made a sign for the two officers to enter. When this was done, everything was studiously restored to its former disorder. Then Hawkeye succeeded in reaching his little birchen vessel without leaving behind him any of those marks which he appeared to dread.

Heyward was silent until the Indians had cautiously paddled the canoe some distance from the fort and within the broad and dark shadow that fell from the eastern mountain on the glassy surface of the lake. Then he demanded, "What need have we for this, stolen and hurried departure?"

"If the blood of an Oneida could stain such a sheet of pure water as this we float on," returned the scout, "your two eyes would answer your own question. Have you forgotten the skulking reptile that Uncas slew?"

"By no means. But he was said to be alone, and dead men give no cause for fear."

"Aye, he was alone in his deviltry! But an Indian whose tribe counts so many warriors needs seldom fear his blood will run without the death shriek coming speedily from some of his enemies."

"But our presence — the authority of Colonel Munro would prove a sufficient protection against the anger of our allies, especially in a case where the wretch so well merited his fate. I trust in Heaven you have not deviated a single foot from the direct line of our course, with so slight a reason."

"Do you think the bullet of that varlet's rifle would have turned aside, though his sacred majesty the King had stood in its path?" returned the stubborn scout. "Why did not the grand Frencher, he who is Captain General of the Canadas, bury the tomahawks

of the Hurons if a word from a white can work so strongly on the natur' of an Indian?"

The reply of Heyward was interrupted by a groan from Munro. But after he had paused a moment, <sup>s</sup>in deference to the sorrow of his aged friend, he resumed the subject. "The Marquis of Montcalm can only settle that error with his God," said the young man solemnly.

"Aye, aye, now, there is reason in your words, for <sup>10</sup>they are bottomed on religion and honesty. There is a vast difference between throwing a regiment of white coats atwixt the tribes and the prisoners, and coaxing an angry savage to forget he carries a knife and a rifle, with words that must begin with calling <sup>15</sup>him 'your son.' No, no," continued the scout, looking back at the dim shore of William Henry, which was now fast receding, and laughing in his own silent but heartfelt manner; "I have put a trail of water <sup>20</sup>between us. Unless the imps can make friends with the fishes, and hear who has paddled across their basin this fine morning, we shall throw the length of the Horicon behind us before they have made up their minds which path to take."

"With foes in our front and foes in our rear, our <sup>25</sup>journey is like to be one of danger."

"Danger," repeated Hawkeye calmly; "no, not absolutely of danger, for with vigilant ears and quick eyes we can manage to keep a few hours ahead of the

knaves. Or, if we must try the rifle, there are three of us who understand its gifts as well as any you can name on the borders. No, not of danger; but that we shall have what you may call a brisk push of it, is probable; and it may happen — a brush, a scrimmage, or some such diversion, but always where covers are good and ammunition abundant.” 96

It is possible that Heyward’s estimate of danger differed in some degree from that of the scout, for, instead of replying, he now sat in silence, while the canoe glided over several miles of water. Just as the day dawned, they entered the narrows of the lake, and stole swiftly and cautiously among their numberless little islands. It was by this road that Montcalm had retired with his army, and the adventurers knew not <sup>15</sup> but that he had left some of his Indians in ambush, to protect the rear of his forces and collect the stragglers. They therefore approached the passage with the customary silence of their guarded habits.

Chingachgook laid aside his paddle, while Uncas <sup>20</sup> and the scout urged the light vessel through crooked channels, where every foot that they advanced exposed them to the danger of some sudden peril to their progress. The eyes of the sagamore moved warily from islet to islet and copse to copse as the <sup>25</sup> canoe proceeded; and when a clearer sheet of water permitted, his keen vision was bent along the bold

rocks and impending forests that frowned upon the narrow strait.

Heyward, who was a doubly interested spectator as well from the beauties of the place as from the apprehension natural to his situation, was just believing that he had permitted the latter to be excited without sufficient reason, when the paddle ceased moving, in obedience to a signal from Chingachgook.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Uncas, nearly at the moment that the light tap his father had made on the side of the canoe notified them of the vicinity of danger.

"What now?" asked the scout. "The lake is as smooth as if the winds had never blown, and I can see along its sheets for miles. There is not so much as the black head of a loon dotting the water."

The Indian gravely raised his paddle and pointed in the direction in which his own steady look was riveted. Duncan's eyes followed the motion. A few rods in their front lay another of the low wooded islets, but it appeared as calm and peaceful as if its solitude had never been disturbed by the foot of man.

"I see nothing," he said, "but land and water; and a lovely scene it is."

"Hist!" interrupted the scout. "Aye, sagamore, there is always a reason for what you do. 'Tis but a shade, and yet it is not natural. You see the mist, major, that is rising above the island. You can't call it a fog, for it is more like a streak of thin cloud —"

"It is vapor from the water," answered Heyward.

"That a child could tell. But what is the edging of blacker smoke that hangs along its lower side, and which you may trace down into the thicket of hazel? 'Tis from a fire; but one that, in my judgment, has been suffered to burn low." <sup>g.v</sup>

"Let us then push for the place, and relieve our doubts," said the impatient Duncan. "That party must be small that can lie on such a bit of land."

"If you judge of Indian cunning by the rules you find in books or by white sagacity, they will lead you astray, if not to your death," returned Hawkeye, examining the signs of the place acutely. "If I may be permitted to speak in the matter, it will be to say that we have but two things to choose between. The one <sup>is</sup> is to return and give up all thoughts of following the Hurons —"

"Never!" exclaimed Heyward, in a voice far too loud for their circumstances.

"Well, well," continued Hawkeye, making a hasty sign to repress his impatience. "I am much of your mind myself, though I thought it becoming my experience to tell the whole. We must, then, make a push, and if the Indians or Frenchers are in the narrows, run the gantlet through these toppling mountains. <sup>Is there reason in my words, sagamore?</sup>"

The Indian made no other answer than by dropping his paddle into the water and urging forward the canoe.

The whole party now plied their paddles vigorously, and in a few moments they had reached a point whence they might command an entire view of the northern shore of the island, the side that had hitherto been concealed.

"There they are, by all the truth of signs," whispered the scout; "two canoes and a smoke. The knaves haven't yet got their eyes out of the mist, or we should hear the accursed whoop. Together, friends, — we are leaving them, and are already nearly out of whistle of a bullet."

The well-known crack of a rifle, whose ball came skipping along the placid surface of the strait, and a shrill yell from the island, interrupted his speech and announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into the canoes, which were soon dancing over the water in pursuit. These fearful precursors of a coming struggle produced no change in the countenances and movements of his three guides, so far as Duncan could discover, except that the strokes of their paddles were longer and more in unison, and caused the little bark to spring forward like a creature possessing life and volition.

"Hold them there, sagamore," said Hawkeye, looking coolly backward over his left shoulder while he still plied his paddle; "keep them just there. The Hurons have never a piece in their nation that will



execute at this distance. But 'Kill Deer' has a barrel on which a man may calculate."

The scout, having ascertained that the Mohicans were sufficient of themselves to maintain the requisite distance, deliberately laid aside his paddle, and raised the fatal rifle. Then three several times he brought the piece to his shoulder, and when his companions were expecting its report, he as often lowered it to request that the Indians permit their enemies to approach a little nigher. At length his accurate eye seemed satisfied, and throwing out his left arm on the barrel, he was slowly elevating the muzzle when an exclamation from Uncas, who sat in the bow, once more caused him to suspend the shot. "What now, lad?" demanded Hawkeye; "you saved a Huron from the

death shriek by that word. Have you reason for what you do?"



Uncas pointed to the rocky shore a little in their front, whence another war canoe was darting directly in their course. The danger of their situation was obvious—so obvious that words were quite unnecessary to confirm it. The scout laid aside his rifle and resumed the paddle, while Chingachgook inclined the bow of the canoe a little toward the western shore, in order to increase the distance between them and this new enemy. In the meantime they were reminded of the presence of those who pressed on their rear by wild and exulting shouts. The stirring scene awakened even Munro from his apathy.

"Let us make for the rocks on the main," he said, "and give battle to the savages. God forbid that I or those attached to me or mine should ever trust again to the faith of any servant of the Louises."

"He who wishes to prosper in Indian warfare," returned the scout, "must not be too proud to learn from the wit of a native. Lay her more along the land, sagamore. We are doubling on the varlets, and perhaps they may try to strike our trail on the long calculation."

Hawkeye was not mistaken; for when the Hurons found that their course was likely to throw them behind their chase, they rendered it less direct, until by gradually bearing more and more obliquely, the

two canoes were, ere long, gliding on parallel lines, within two hundred yards of each other. It now became entirely a trial of speed. So rapid was the progress of the light vessels that the lake curled in their front in miniature waves.

It was perhaps owing to this circumstance, in addition to the necessity of keeping every hand employed at the paddles, that the Hurons had not immediate recourse to their firearms. The exertions of the fugitives were too severe to continue long, and the pursuers had the advantage of numbers. Duncan observed with uneasiness that the scout began to look anxiously about him, as if searching for some further means of assisting their flight.

"Edge her a little more from the sun, sagamore," said the stubborn woodsman; "I see the knaves are sparing a man to the rifle. A single broken bone might lose us our scalps. Edge more from the sun, and we will put the island between us."

The expedient was not without its use. A long, low island lay at a little distance before them, and as they closed with it, the chasing canoe was compelled to take a side opposite to that on which the pursued passed. The scout and his companions did not neglect this advantage, but the instant they were hid from observation by the bushes, they redoubled efforts that before had seemed prodigious. The two canoes came

round the last low point like two coursers at the top of their speed, the fugitives taking the lead. This change had brought them nigher to each other, however, while it altered their relative positions.

5 "You showed knowledge in the shaping of birchen bark, Uncas, when you chose this from among the Huron canoes," said the scout smiling. "The imps have put all their strength again at the paddles, and we are to struggle for our scalps with bits of flattened wood instead of clouded barrels and true eyes. A long stroke and together, friends!"

"They are preparing for a shot," said Heyward; "and as we are in a line with them, it can scarcely fail."

15 "Get you into the bottom of the canoe," returned the scout, "you and the colonel. It will be so much taken from the size of the mark."

Heyward smiled, as he answered, "It would be but an ill example for the highest in rank to dodge, while 20 the warriors were under fire!"

"Now that is a white man's courage!" exclaimed the scout, "and, like too many of his notions, not to be maintained by reason. Do you think the sagamore or Uncas, or even I, who am a man without a cross, would 25 deliberate about finding a cover in a scrimmage when an open body would do no good? For what have the Frenchers reared up their Quebec, if fighting is always to be done in the clearings?"

J. L.

"All that you say is very true, my friend," replied Heyward; "still, our customs must prevent us from doing as you wish."

A volley from the Hurons interrupted the discourse; and as the bullets whistled about them, Duncan saw<sub>5</sub> the head of Uncas turned, looking back at himself and Munro. Notwithstanding the nearness of the enemy and his own great personal danger, the countenance of the young warrior expressed no other emotion, as the former was compelled to think, than amazement<sub>10</sub> at finding men willing to face so useless an exposure.

Chingachgook was probably better acquainted with the notions of white men, for he did not even cast a glance aside from the riveted look his eye maintained on the object by which he governed their course. A<sub>15</sub> ball soon struck the light and polished paddle from the hands of the chief, and drove it through the air far in advance. A shout rose from the Hurons, who seized the opportunity to fire another volley. Uncas described an arc in the water with his own blade, and<sub>20</sub> as the canoe passed swiftly on, Chingachgook recovered his paddle, and flourishing it on high, he gave the war whoop of the Mohicans, and then lent his strength and skill again to the important task.

The clamorous sounds of "The Great Serpent!"<sub>25</sub> "The Long Rifle!" "The Nimble Deer!" burst at once from the canoes behind, and seemed to give new zeal to the pursuers. The scout seized "Kill Deer"

in his left hand, and, holding it high above his head, shook it in triumph at his enemies. The savages answered the insult with a yell, and immediately another volley succeeded. The bullets pattered along the lake, and one even pierced the bark of their little vessel.

"That will do," said the scout, examining the slight indentation with a curious eye; "it would not have cut the skin of an infant, much less of men who, like us, have been blown upon by the heavens in their anger. Now, major, if you will try to use this piece of flattened wood, I'll let 'Kill Deer' take a part in the conversation."

Heyward seized the paddle and applied himself to the work with an eagerness that supplied the place of skill, while Hawkeye was engaged in inspecting the priming of his rifle. The latter then took a swift aim and fired. The Huron in the bow of the leading canoe had risen with a similar object, and he now fell backward, suffering the gun to escape from his hands into the water. In an instant, however, he recovered his feet, though his gestures were wild and bewildered. At the same moment his companions suspended their efforts, and the chasing canoes clustered together and became stationary. Chingachgook and Uncas profited by the interval to regain their wind, though Duncan continued to work with the most persevering industry.

"We forget our errand," exclaimed the diligent

Duncan. "For God's sake let us profit by this advantage and increase our distance from the enemy."

"Give me my children," pleaded Munro hoarsely.

Throwing a last and lingering glance at the distant canoes, the scout laid aside his rifle, and relieving the wearied Duncan, resumed the paddle, which he wielded with sinews that never tired. His efforts were seconded by those of the Mohicans, and a very few minutes served to place a broad safe sheet of water between them and their enemies.

— *The Last of the Mohicans.*

20

1. What book is this story from? Who wrote it? When before have you heard of Montcalm? In what state did the events take place? What was "Kill Deer"? Wherein did the scout and his two Indians show their woodcraft?

2. James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) is our most famous teller of Indian tales. Natty Bumppo (the "Hawkeye," "Deerslayer," and "Pathfinder" of his novels) is known wherever good books are read. You will be interested to know that Uncas, who is the Last of the Mohicans, was finally slain, as was also the elder of the Munro sisters. The younger sister, Heyward's betrothed, was saved, thanks to Hawkeye.

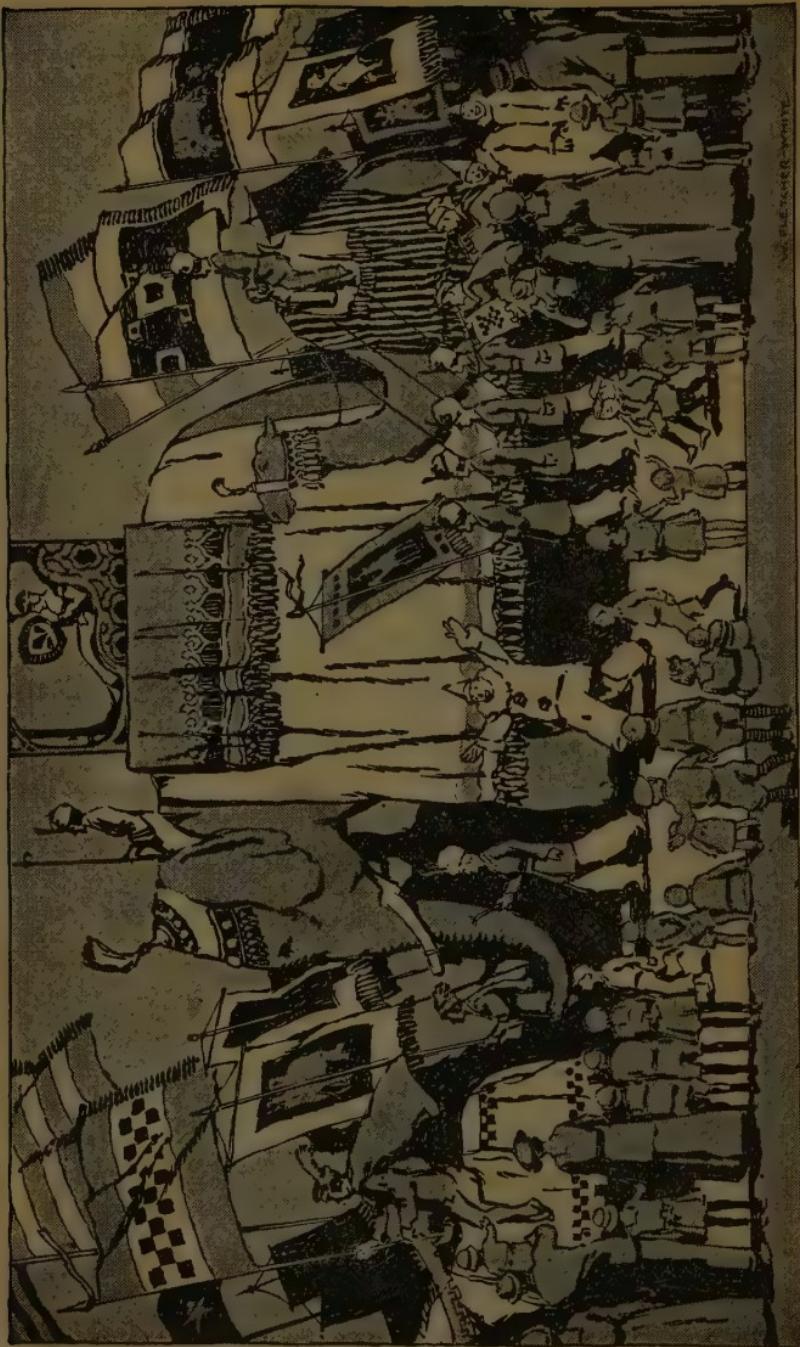


*IN A MERRY MOOD*

*Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Weep and you weep alone;  
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.*

— ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE (See page opposite)



## THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

OH! THE Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles  
played and played!

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes  
and neighed,

As the rattle and the rime of the tenor drummer's  
time

Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band wagon shone with a splendor all  
its own,

And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never  
known!

And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,  
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture un-  
defined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of  
white and blue,

And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and  
you,

Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in  
days of yore,

Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the  
spangles that they wore!



How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,

And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!

How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,

With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,

And the mystery within it only hinted of at last  
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there

The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, the Clown, making mirth for all the town,

With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,

And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played

A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.



Oh ! the Circus-Day Parade ! How the bugles played  
and played !

And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes  
and neighed,

s As the rattle and the rime of the tenor drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime !

1. How does this description fit the circus parades you have seen? What circuses can you name? What is the funniest thing in a circus parade? What did Riley think was the funniest?

2. James Whitcomb Riley (1853-1916) is a well-known American poet. He loved children and many of his poems are about children.

(From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

By JOHN G. SAXE

**I**T WAS six men of Indostan,  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the elephant,—  
Though all of them were blind,—  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,  
 And happening to fall  
 Against his broad and sturdy side,  
 At once began to bawl :  
 "Now bless me ! but the elephant  
   Is very like a wall !"

5

The second, feeling of the tusk,  
 Cried : "Ho ! what have we here,  
 So very round and smooth and sharp ?  
 To me 'tis mighty clear,  
 This wonder of an elephant  
   Is very like a spear !"

10

The third approached the animal,  
 And happening to take  
 The squirming trunk within his hands,  
 Thus boldly up and spake :  
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
   Is very like a snake !"

15

The fourth reached out his eager hand,  
 And felt about the knee :  
 "What most this wondrous beast is like  
   Is mighty plain," quoth he ;  
 "'Tis clear enough the elephant  
   Is very like a tree !"

20

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said : "E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most :  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an elephant  
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong !

- 36
- Like most good pieces of humor, this one laughs at one of our commonest weaknesses. Most of us are apt to make a hasty judgment based on a part-truth, just as these men did. And the poem is funny to us because it laughs at our own fault pictured in somebody else. Did you ever have a wrong opinion based on a part-truth? Tell about it. Make your story funny.

36

## THE WIND AND THE MOON

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

S AID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;  
You stare  
In the air  
Like a ghost in a chair,  
Always looking what I am about —  
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

5

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So deep  
On a heap  
Of clouds to sleep,  
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,  
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

10

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high  
In the sky,  
With her one ghost eye,  
The moon shone white and alive and plain;  
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

15

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

"With my sledge  
And my wedge,  
I have knocked off her edge!"

20

If only I blow right fierce and grim,  
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff  
More's enough  
To blow her to snuff !

One good puff more where the last was bred,  
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air,  
Nowhere,  
Was a moonbeam bare ;  
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —  
Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;

On down,  
In town,  
Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —  
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more !

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;

But in vain  
Was the pain  
Of his bursting brain ;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,  
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,  
And shone  
On her throne  
In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power am I!  
With my breath,  
Good faith!  
I blew her to death —  
First blew her away right out of the sky,  
Then blew her in. What strength have I!”

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;  
For high  
In the sky  
With her one white eye,  
Motionless, miles above the air,  
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

- ab*
1. What do we call a man who boasts of his power? How did the Wind make himself ridiculous? Why do we laugh at the person who tries to do the impossible? Why is a sack race funny? Why do we laugh at the man who tries to guess the weather for next week?

## CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING

BY J. M. BAILEY

CALLING a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of pastimes, especially if the boy has taken a great deal of active exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys; and yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly calls, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny," still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John!" followed a moment later by "John Henry!"

A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add: "You'd better be down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel!" This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again.

A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry!" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity. He pops out of that bed, and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable.



## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

By LEWIS CARROLL

THE sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might;  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright —  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

5

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done —  
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,  
“To come and spoil the fun!”

10

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry;  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky;  
No birds were flying overhead —  
There were no birds to fly.

15

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand ;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand.  
5 “If this were only cleared away,”  
They said, “it would be grand !”

“If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,  
10 “That they could get it clear ?”  
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us !”  
The Walrus did beseech.  
15 “A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach ;  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.”

20 The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said ;  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head —  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat ;  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat —  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

5

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four ;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more and more and more —  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

10

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low ;  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

15

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,  
“To talk of many things :  
Of shces — and ships — and sealing wax —  
Of cabbages — and kings —  
And why the sea is boiling hot —  
And whether pigs have wings.”

20

## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

235

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,

“Before we have our chat;

For some of us are out of breath,

And all of us are fat!”

“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.

They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,

“Is what we chiefly need;

Pepper and vinegar besides

Are very good indeed —

Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,

We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,

Turning a little blue.

“After such kindness, that would be

A dismal thing to do!”

“The night is fine,” the Walrus said,

“Do you admire the view?

“It was so kind of you to come!

And you are very nice.”

The Carpenter said nothing but

“Cut us another slice;

I wish you were not quite so deaf —

I’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,  
 “To play them such a trick,  
 After we’ve brought them out so far,  
 And made them trot so quick!”  
 The Carpenter said nothing but  
 “The butter’s spread too thick!”

s

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said;  
 “I deeply sympathize.”  
 With sobs and tears he sorted out  
 Those of the largest size,  
 Holding his pocket handkerchief  
 Before his streaming eyes.

10

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,  
 “You’ve had a pleasant run!  
 Shall we be trotting home again?”  
 But answer came there none —  
 And this was scarcely odd, because  
 They’d eaten every one.

25

— *Through the Looking-Glass.*

1. Lewis Carroll (1832–1898), an English author whose real name was Dodgson, was a master of nonsense verse. Much of the fun in his *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* is the absurd people he creates and the wild happenings that take place. You will enjoy both books.

2. Point out in this poem statements of sheer nonsense. What is the funniest part of the poem to you?

# THE MAD RIDERS

27.

By EDWARD LEAR

THE Nutcrackers sat by a plate on the table;  
The Sugartongs sat by a plate at his side;  
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were  
able

5 Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?  
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,  
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,  
While everyone else takes his pleasure, and never  
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?

10 "Don't you think we could ride without being in-  
structed,

Without any saddle or bridle or spur?

Our legs are so long and so aptly constructed,  
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.

15 Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,  
And hustle downstairs and jump on a horse!  
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are  
able?"

The Sugartongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

20 So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute;  
The Sugartongs snapped and the Crackers said  
"Crack!"

The stable was open, the horses were in it,



Each took out a pony and jumped on his back.  
 The Cat, in a fright, scrambled out of the doorway ;  
 The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay ;  
 The Brown and White Rats and the Black ones from  
     Norway,  
 Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

5

The Frying Pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"  
 The Teakettle hissed and grew black in the face ;  
 And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,  
 To see the great Nutcracker-Sugartong race.

10

And out of the stable with screaming and laughter,  
 (Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown),  
 The Nutcrackers first and the Sugartongs after,  
 Rode all down the yard and then all round the town.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the  
     station,  
 They galloped away to the beautiful shore ;  
 In silence they rode, and made no observation

15

Save this: "We will never go back any more!"  
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,  
The Sugartongs snap and the Crackers say "Crack,"  
Till, far in the distance their forms disappearing,  
They faded away and they never came back.

1. Much fun has been poked at awkward horseback riders, but none better than this. Awkwardness anywhere tempts people to smile, but it is especially funny in a saddle. Why?
2. How does this poem laugh at ungainly riders? Why did the author select these two table articles as the riders? Why not a cup and a saucer?
3. Why did the Mad Riders not talk to each other? And why, do you suppose, did they never come back?

## QUICK SERVICE

IT HAPPENED in the trenches during the Great War. A regiment of American soldiers had been subjected for hours to a withering shell fire. The bombardment suddenly ceased and the silence that followed was too intense for human nerves to bear.

A private, who had been a waiter in a restaurant, could stand the suspense no longer. He leaped upon the edge of the trench and challenged the enemy to resume firing. Instantly a shell exploded near by, completely burying the soldier in his own trench. His comrades dug him out, unhurt and perfectly sane again. "You surely get quick service over here," was his only comment.



## THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I WROTE some lines once on a time,  
 In wondrous merry mood,  
 And thought, as usual, men would say  
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
 I laughed as I would die ;  
 Albeit, in the general way,  
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;  
 How kind it was of him  
 To mind a slender man like me,  
 He of the mighty limb.

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,  
 And, in my humorous way,  
 I added (as a trifling jest),  
 “There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,  
 And saw him peep within ;  
 At the first line he read, his face  
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear ;  
He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

5      The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;  
The fifth ; his waistband split ;  
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

10     Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

1. Why did Holmes call this poem "The Height of the Ridiculous"? What is funny about it? Explain the "trifling jest" in line 16.

2. Years afterward in writing to a woman friend about this poem, which had worried her little nephew, Holmes remarked : "I wish you would explain . . . that the story of the poor fellow who almost died laughing was a kind of dream of mine, and not a real thing that happened, any more than that an old woman 'lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do,' or that Jack climbed the beanstalk. . . . Tell your nephew he musn't cry about it any more than because geese go barefoot and bald eagles have no night-caps."

3. Dr. Holmes (1809-1894) was for years professor of medicine in Harvard University. He is best known in American literature as a writer of poetry and essays.

## NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

BY MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain's real name was Samuel L. Clemens (1835-1911). He is perhaps the greatest humorist America has produced.

The following is an extract from one of his speeches. It is an excellent example of his style of humor.

I REVERENTLY believe that the maker who makes us all makes everything in New England but the weather.

I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go.

But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside

of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

Well, he came and he made his collection in four days.

As to variety — why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity — well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring."

These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate

prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then,—see his tail drop.

He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's <sup>10</sup> going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the south'ard and west'ard and east'ard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to <sup>15</sup> place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning.

Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that <sup>20</sup> the program may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is <sup>25</sup> going to be plenty of weather — a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you

leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned.

You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning.

These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing!

10 And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, 15 you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash barrel.

Now as to the size of the weather in New England — lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it 20 is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, 25 where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so

I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time. Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice.<sup>5</sup>

But, after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with.

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature<sup>10</sup> which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice storm — when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top — ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles,<sup>15</sup> cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all these myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable<sup>25</sup> magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm

comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now, the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

1. Observe the orderly treatment of the subject. The topics run as follows: The maker of New England weather; variety, as illustrated by the story of the collector; etc. What other topics are taken up?

2. What is there about Twain's way of describing the weather that is funny? Read aloud the passage that strikes you as being the most humorous.

3. Below is a good likeness of the humorist. Study his features.



## SKIING

By JOHN B. FOSTER

SKIING has gone beyond the stage of being a fad. It is a craze and an accepted pastime and sport at the high-latitude winter-sport resorts. One must not be satisfied with skating. That accomplishment will do for hockey and figure flourishes on ice. The newest thrill of the north is in the ski.

To ski is to strap a single wooden runner — a long,

slim, exaggerated sled runner — to each foot and then try to keep the feet in a state of belief that they are comrades and mates. Old feet, which have preserved a lifelong friendship ever since they can remember, no sooner become skied up than they have a falling out.<sup>5</sup> One foot wishes to take the road to Jerusalem and the other is determined to take the road to Jericho. It's tough on a man or a woman, from the feet up, when their pedal extremities disagree so embarrassingly. Sometimes the left skied foot tries to climb a shrub<sup>18</sup> while the right skied foot attempts to kick a snow-drift out of the way.

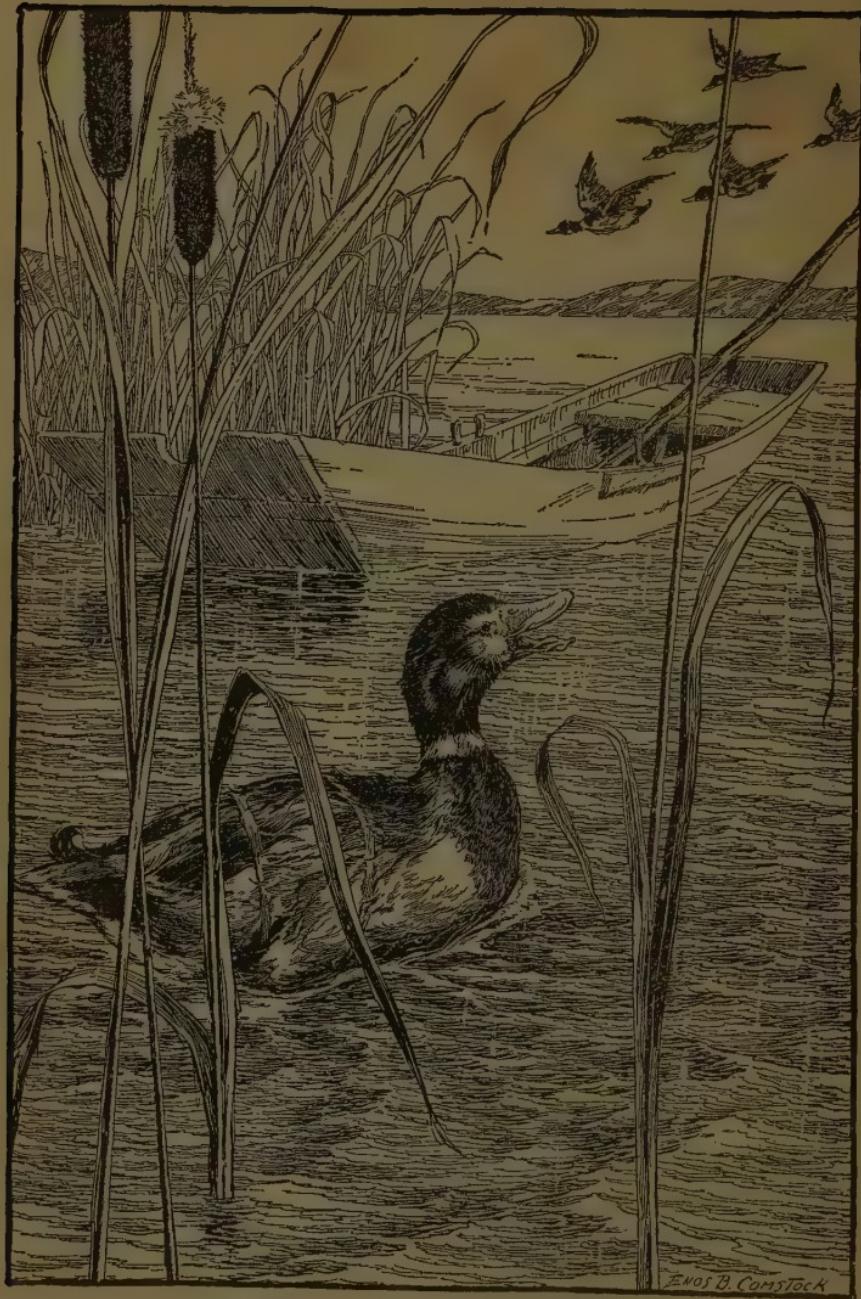
Ski-joring is accomplished by harnessing a steed, grasping the reins, and telling Dobbin to "giddap," with the skis firmly attached to your feet. When ski<sup>19</sup> jumping is attempted, Dobbin does not jump with the skier, because Dobbin doesn't wear skis himself. Only a Rocky Mountain sheep jumps mountains well, except a ski jumper.

A queer trait of the ski is that you master this<sup>20</sup> arbitrary domineer of the snow by learning uphill. It is not best to try to ski downhill on the first trial, because there is no telling what the right ski and the left ski may attempt individually to do. If the left ski decides to go to the right and the right ski forcibly<sup>25</sup> insists on going to the left, it will be well to hope that a snowdrift is somewhere near the storm center.

— *New York Sun.*

### *OUT OF DOORS*

*In God's great Out of Doors I see  
All his creations. I learn to know  
The ways of beast and bird and bee;  
To love the grandeur of a tree,  
The blue of sky, the sheen of snow—  
And there this consciousness doth grow:  
How small I am alongside Thee !*



ENOS B. COMSTOCK

JARRO AS A DECOY (*See page 284*)

## RAIN IN' SUMMER

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

HOW beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

5

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like a tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

10

Across the windowpane *24*  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
15 The rain, the welcome rain !

15

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
20 Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

20

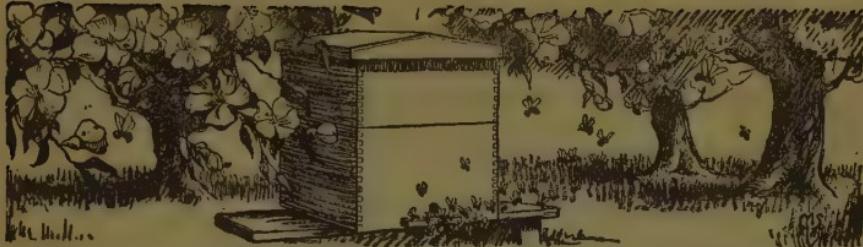
From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

s

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

10

1. Do you like a summer shower? Why did Longfellow like it?  
The sick man? The boys? The country?
2. What happened to the boys' ships? Prove your answer.  
Why did the country look like a leopard?
3. Where in the world do boys and girls never see rain fall?  
Where do they see it rain every day? Where does it rain part of the  
year and does not rain during the other part?



## THE SWARMING OF THE BEES

IT WAS a pleasant morning in May. The orchards were white with apple blossoms. There were thousands of wild flowers in the fields and woods.

The bees in the hive had been very busy ever since the warm weather began. To-day they were crowding all about the doorway of their home. Some were flying out to seek sweet things. Some were coming back laden with the pollen of flowers. But most of them were humming and buzzing and rushing hither and thither in a very aimless way.

"It's time to swarm!" they seemed to be saying.

Several of the best fliers had been sent out as scouts to find a place for a new home. About ten o'clock they came bustling in.

"We've found a good place far in the woods," they said. "Now, swarm! swarm! swarm!"

Now, in every hive there is a queen bee. She is not only the queen, but she is the mother of all the young bees. Worker bees live only a few weeks. So there must always be young bees to take their places. Without a queen, all would soon perish.

Within the last two weeks thousands of young bees had been hatched, and the hive was crowded. More than this, a young queen had been hatched, and no hive is large enough for two queens at the same time.

At first the old queen was furious. She tried hard<sup>5</sup> to get at the young queen to kill her; but her attendants held her back. "Have patience," they said.

"Very well, then," said the queen, "I shall take some of my best workers and fly away. We shall find a new home, and the young queen and the rest of the<sup>10</sup> workers may have this hive to live in."

This, then, was why the scouts had been sent out. When they came back with their cry, "Swarm! swarm! swarm!" the whole hive was in an uproar.

The bees who were to go with the old queen hurried<sup>15</sup> to fill themselves with honey; for it might be several days before they could have any in their new home. Then some of them stood as guards by the doorway, while others, with a great buzzing, flew circling about.

"Good-by, my children," buzzed the old queen,<sup>20</sup> looking back at the bees who were to remain in the hive.

Then she bustled out of the doorway and across the narrow platform in front of it. Her bodyguard surrounded her, each one of the guards having its head<sup>25</sup> turned toward her.

"Now, swarm! swarm! swarm!" she cried; and she spread her wings and rose into the air.

The other bees followed her, by thousands and tens of thousands. The air was full of them. Buzz-z-z!

"The bees are swarming! The bees are swarming!" shouted the children; and at once everybody was running to see them.

Ned's father hurried to get a new hive ready. Willie, the farmer boy, ran for the stepladder and a saw. Ned's mother began to make a great, great clatter on the tin dishpan. She said that the noise would confuse the bees and keep them from flying far. But I doubt if the bees cared anything about it.

All this while, the queen bee was circling in the air with her great swarm of subjects. They were getting farther and farther away from their old home.

"This way! this way!" shouted the scouts, moving off toward the hollow tree they had found in the woods. But just then the queen bee circled very close to a green apple bough that happened to be near.

"What a cozy place it is," she said. "I will stop here and rest awhile." 

So down she went and seated herself securely on the apple limb; and the other bees followed her. One at a time, ten at a time, a hundred at a time, they alighted around her, about her, until she was the center of a great ball of bees — a ball as big as your hat. And there the buzzing insects sat and hung, and seemed to wish only to be close to their queen and mother.



And now came Ned's father with the new hive, which he placed on a table right below the great ball of bees. Willie was ready with his stepladder. Quickly he climbed up to the heavily laden apple bough; and very gently he cut it away from the tree, holding it firmly so as not to shake off any of the bees.

Then, to the great delight of the children, he descended to the ground, carrying the cluster of bees with him. He held it in front of the new hive, and shook it sharply. Down fell the queen bee upon the table that had been provided for her; down fell her swarm of startled subjects.

"What has happened? What has happened?" they buzzed, as some of them rose into the air, and others began to run wildly around the table.

But the queen never lost her senses. She looked around her. She saw the new hive and the open doorway inviting her to come in.

"See here, my children," she said. "Here is a much better home than any hollow tree in the woods. What's the use of going any farther?"

Then with a gentle murmur she led the way into the new hive; and the swarm crowded after her by hundreds and thousands. Soon all except the guards and the scouts were safely inside their new home.

"Hum! hum! hum! What a delightful place this is!" said the happy bees to one another.

And the queen answered, "Buzz-z-z!"



1. A careful reading of this selection will inform you of the following facts about bees: (a) how they select a new home; (b) how a hive is organized; (c) how bees swarm; (d) how they are captured.
2. Be able to explain each of the above topics in a short talk.
3. What other insects besides bees live in communities? What animals live in groups?
4. Are there obedience and order in the hive? Why is this necessary? How is a community of people like a colony of bees? How different?
5. What do you know about bees from your own observation? What other kinds besides honey bees do you know? Give a proper definition of a bee; as, "A bee is an insect that —." Fill out the rest of the sentence.
6. You will be interested to read Henri Fabre's *Insect Adventures* or one of his other outdoor books. Do you know any books that tell interesting stories of insects?

## GRAYWINGS

"QUANK! Quank!" cried a wild goose. It was a cry of alarm.

A whole flock of wild geese were feeding in among the marshes. Five of the flock were acting as sentries. It was their duty to watch for danger while the rest of the flock fed. It was one of these sentries that had given the cry of warning.

At the sound, the flock rose from among the reeds with a great flapping and beating of wings, but the cry had come too late. As they rose in their flight there were loud reports from two guns. Bang — bang! and bang — bang!

Three geese fell from the flock. They had been shot.

Two were dead. They fell as heavily as stones, turning over and over as they came down. The other fell flapping and struggling. It was only wounded. It was still alive when the hunters found it, later on, among the reeds. One wing trailed at its side, useless and bloodstained. The bone had been broken.

The hunters did not kill it. One of them said he would take it home alive and give it to his boy and girl as a pet.

The boy and girl were very much interested in the wild goose when the man took it to them, though the little girl almost cried to see its broken wing. However,

her father told her that he would set the bone and bandage the wing and that it would be well before long. He told her that if the bones of wild fowls are broken, they heal of themselves if the fowls are in freedom,  
<sub>5</sub> but if they are caged the bones have to be set.

The children named their goose Graywings, and a fine large cage was built for it.

The goose seemed sad and lonely. It pined in its cage and would hardly ever eat. Perhaps it was  
<sub>10</sub> pining for its mate.

One day the father of the children came home very much pleased. He said he had bought a present for them. He had not brought it with him, and he would not tell them what it was.

<sub>15</sub> That afternoon the present came home in a wooden box with slats across the front. It was a wild goose which he had bought from a man who had trapped it. The children's father said he had bought it as a mate for Graywings.

The little boy and girl were delighted. They thought how happy Graywings would be to have a companion. They could hardly wait to take it out and put it in the cage with her.

<sub>20</sub> But what a disappointment! Graywings did not seem to like the stranger at all. If it came near her, she threatened it with her open beak. She would not let it eat with her, and she drove it into a corner, where it stood terrified and unhappy, afraid to move.

They left the new goose there for several days, but Graywings would not make friends with it. Then it seemed so very unhappy that they took it out and sent it back to where it had come from.

The autumn passed and winter came. The flocks<sub>5</sub> of wild geese had long ago flown southward in long V's, quacking as they went. Everything was frozen as hard as stone. Even the crows could hardly find enough to keep themselves alive.

It was at this time that the uncle of the children<sub>10</sub> caught a wild goose. It was hiding in a little hollow near the stretch of reeds where Graywings had been shot. The goose was very thin and weak.

The uncle brought it to the house where the children lived. He and their father wondered very much how<sub>15</sub> the goose came to be left behind when all its companions flew south. It was not injured in any way, and it must have been a fine, strong goose before it became nearly starved.

They warmed the goose and gave it food and water.<sub>20</sub> When the goose seemed somewhat revived, the uncle said: "Suppose we keep it out in the cage with that other wild goose you have."

"Oh, no," said the little girl, "Graywings will peck it, and this poor goose is so weak and starved."<sub>25</sub>

"Well, let's try it, and see what she'll do," said the uncle. So the goose was taken out and put in the cage with Graywings.

What was the surprise of the boy and girl to see Graywings come up to the poor, weak stranger, and greet it with the greatest joy. The new goose seemed glad to see Graywings, too.

5 Then the children's father guessed how it must be. The starving goose must have been Graywings's mate. After she was shot her mate must have left the flock, letting it fly on southward without him, while he lingered near the place where she had fallen.

10 All winter the two geese lived very happily together in the cage. Then when spring came, and they grew restless and beat their wings as though they longed to fly, the father said it was a shame to keep them imprisoned there any longer.

15 So one beautiful day, when the wind blew from the south, and the maple trees were green with winged seeds, the children rather sadly opened the door of the cage and set the wild geese free.

1. What do you think of keeping wild birds in a cage? How about canaries and linnets?

2. Retell the story of Graywings. How did she find her mate? What happened to her finally?



## THE BROOK

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow weed and mallow.



I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

5 I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling,

10 And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel,

15 And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

20 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers ;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

1. Where does this brook come from? What is the beginning of a brook called? Where do brooks usually rise? What furnishes their water? Where does this brook empty?
2. Draw a map of the brook, marking on your outline everything mentioned in the poem; such as, "haunts of coot and hern," "the fern," "the valley," etc.
3. Re-read the lines in which these words appear, putting in their places words that mean the same thing: coot; hern; sally; bicker; thorps; sharps and trebles; eddying; fallow; foreland; mallow; grayling; shingly.
4. Almost all Tennyson's poems give you clear, delicate word pictures of things out of doors. Find the lines in this poem that make you see a picture; find the lines that make you hear the sound of the brook.

## OUR FRIEND THE DOG

WHAT creature is more faithful to its master than the dog? In the cold lands of the North, where he is used to draw sleds over the ice and snow; in the great cities, where he watches his master's goods and house; in the fields, taking care of flocks and herds; in the woods, chasing the deer or facing the fierce wild beasts — all over the world the dog is man's best friend.

I once knew a fine shepherd dog named Fanny, who took care of a large flock of sheep on a sheep farm in the Far West. Every morning she drove the sheep out upon the prairie, where they were allowed to feed on the grass; and every evening she brought them safe home and saw them shut up in the sheep barn.

One day there came up a blinding storm of snow and sleet while the sheep were feeding far away from any shelter. Fanny gathered them together as best she could, and tried to drive them home. But they were so cold and frightened that they did not know what to do.

Now they would huddle close together, and would not move at all; now some of them would scamper wildly away over the hills; and faithful Fanny had hard work to get them started on the right road.

It was very late that evening when the sheep came home. They were all wet and wretched; and

Fanny was wet and tired too, but proud that she had succeeded in bringing them in from the pasture.

"Well, Fanny," said her master, "here you are with your flock! How many have you lost?"

The sheep were counted as they passed into the barnyard.

"Three lambs missing, Fanny," said her master.  
"You have done well not to lose more."

But Fanny did not wait to hear the last words. She understood that three lambs were missing, and wet and tired and hungry as she was, she bounded away in search of them. Her master called to her to come back; but she did not hear. The storm became worse and worse. The snow fell fast and the wind piled it up into great heaps or sent it flying in blinding gusts through the air.

We sat up until very late that night, waiting for poor Fanny, but she did not come. At last we gave her up as lost; for we did not think that any creature could live out on the prairie in that terrible storm. 20

Just at the peep of day next morning we heard a faint bark outside the barnyard. We looked out, and there was Fanny with the three lambs. She was so worn out with her long search in the storm that she could hardly drag herself through the snow. 25

But her eyes sparkled when she looked at us, as if she would say, "I have done my duty and saved the lambs." We took her into the house and cared

for her as we would have cared for a human being; but it was a long, long time before she was strong enough to drive her flock out to pasture upon the prairies again.

5 It was on another one of those wild winter nights, not more than five years ago, that the dog whom we call Omar came to us. Out of doors the storm was raging; but we who were within were warm and merry. A big log was blazing in the open fireplace; the old cat dozed on the rug before it; and grandfather sat in his armchair and smiled on the frolic of the children, as with shouts of laughter they played some new game in the ruddy firelight.

While we were in the very midst of our enjoyment 15 little three-year-old Arthur cried out, with a look of alarm in his big eyes: *JJ*

"Somebody's hurt! I hear somebody crying!"

One of the boys ran to the window and looked out; I went to the door and opened it. A keen gust of wind 20 and snow burst into the hall. Outside nothing but darkness and the howling storm were seen. I was just going to close the door again, when I felt something at my feet. It was the wet, shivering form of a dog — the dog whom we afterwards called Omar.

25 We soon had him before the fire, for he was very wet and cold. Then mother warmed for him some bread and milk — for he was only a puppy, and a very hungry

puppy, too. He was a mastiff, and at that time his head was so big, his body and legs were so long, and he was so very clumsy, that we could not help laughing at him.

But there was one of us who would never make fun of the awkward dog. From that first night when little Arthur lay on the rug before the fire, with his nose almost touching the rim of Omar's bowl of bread and milk, so that he might "see the poor doggie eat his supper"—from that time Arthur was Omar's best friend, and Omar was Arthur's most faithful companion.

Years passed; summers followed winters, and grandfather still sat by the fireside, or gazed out of the window upon the green meadows and the blossoming fruit trees. Arthur and Omar were still the best of friends, although Omar had become a full-grown dog, while Arthur was still a very little boy of seven. So big and strong was the mastiff that he could have killed and eaten his little master; but his size and strength were to be of use to him in a far better way.

With his big friend at his side, Arthur often went on long strolls through the woods and over the fields, and we all felt that he was quite safe so long as Omar was with him. One day they went down to the river which runs by our place. It is a very small river, but just where it flows through our fields it broadens out into a wide pool, where in winter the boys skate.

It was winter now, and the pool was covered with ice; but Arthur did not know that the older boys had already found the ice too weak to bear even the smallest among them. He had seen the skaters on it last winter, and he thought that the ice was as safe as dry land. It was in vain that Omar tried to turn him back, running along the shore and barking, as if calling to the boy to follow him.

Arthur ran far out on the thin ice, clapping his hands with joy. Then he turned and shouted to the dog to join him; but in a moment the ice gave way and he sank into the deep, cold water. He rose and tried to hold on to the broken edge of the ice; but it slipped from the grasp of his poor little frozen hands.

Some workmen far down the other side of the river saw the boy go through the ice, and they started at once to help him; but the river was deep, and the ice was nowhere strong enough to bear them. To go round by the bridge would take several minutes, although they should run ever so fast. But it was the best they could do.

Omar did not see the coming help. He only knew that his playmate was in danger, and that he must go to him. His great weight broke through the ice at every bound, but in a few seconds he had reached the boy. Arthur, with his numb fingers, seized his collar and held to it. The dog struggled bravely towards the shore; the ice gave way before him only to close

around him again in pieces; the weight of the child upon his neck was such that the faithful animal could hardly keep his nose above the water; but still he battled with the ice and still the boy held to him.

Very soon the workmen were on the spot, and one of them, jumping into the water, took the child's frozen fingers from the dog's collar and carried him to the shore. When, a few minutes later, they took Arthur, pale but alive, into our back parlor and gave him into mother's tender care, the proudest of all the company was Omar. What wonder is it that we all love the dog! 5

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1. Tell the story of each of the two dogs, touching upon (a) the name, (b) the breed, (c) what the dog did.
2. Tell any other good story that you have either heard or read about dogs.
3. How many different breeds of dogs do you know? Which kind do you prefer? Why?
4. If you have ever owned a dog, tell a story about him, following the outline in question 1.





## EULOGY ON THE DOG

By GEORGE G. VEST

GENTLEMEN of the Jury:— The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand, that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come, in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave-side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

1. This is one of the finest tributes ever paid to a dog. A former United States senator delivered it in a trial. Why did he say "Gentlemen of the jury"?

2. What is said about the faithfulness of a dog as against that of relatives? Of friends? Of money? How long does a dog's faithfulness to his master remain?



## WRIGGLES

97

BY E. A. TURNER

THE big cellar, with its one small window, was dark and dingy. Along one side of it was a low hanging shelf. On the other sides were rows of barrels filled with potatoes and cider and apples. The long shelf was always covered with crocks of sweet milk. Each morning and evening, fresh milk was brought into the cellar and the crocks of older milk were carried away. It was a very interesting place, for there were so many good things to eat, and such delicious milk to drink.

No one had noticed the roll of old carpet that lay in the corner behind the barrels all through the winter. Nor had anyone heard the dull buzz of a drowsy little insect that was buried deep in its folds. That is, no one had heard it except a hungry spider whose web was in the corner just over the carpet. He knew every twist and turn of Wriggles. At each sound he ran out of his web and listened. How hungry he was! It had been a long time since he had eaten anything.

Late in the spring the cellar door was left open and the warm sunlight crept into the darkest corners. Poor Wriggles could hardly open her eyes!

Wriggles was the drowsy mosquito that Mr. Spider had been watching so sharply. In the fall she had crawled into the roll of carpet and was carried down into the cellar with it. Her real name was Anopheles (ä-nöf'ë-lëz), but her baby name was Wriggles.

Poor Wriggles didn't know that the cunning spider was so near and that he had already spun a web across her path and was waiting to pounce upon her.

The warm air made her feel very happy, though her long legs were so stiff and her wings so numb that she could hardly move them. Mr. Spider heard her moving. He was so eager that he could scarcely wait. How closely he listened as Wriggles crawled toward him! In a moment he would have her in his web.

He listened again. Some one was coming down the cellar stairs. He crouched back into the dark corner. The heavy steps drew nearer to him. Then some one seized the carpet and carried it and Wriggles away. The spider was so angry that he slunk back into the farthest corner and sulked and would not come out.

The carpet was spread out on the grass in the bright sunshine. The warm air gave new life to poor Wriggles and she felt young again. But she was very thirsty and there was nothing in sight to drink. She flew around the house to an open barrel under the eaves.

"How fine," said she, as she dropped into the barrel. The water in it was warm and comfortable. "How pleasant this will be for my children," thought she, as she settled down upon its surface for the night.

The next morning there were two hundred little eggs floating on the water. They were in a tiny cluster like a speck of soot, and only sharp eyes could see the little canoe-shaped eggs.

Late in the afternoon, Wriggles left the barrel in search of food. The bright eyes of a hungry swallow spied her as she flew slowly about, dangling her long legs. He darted down and snapped her up quick as a wink.

The next day Wriggles's tiny eggs in the rain barrel began to hatch. Little wrigglers were soon jerking about in the water. How queer they were!

They looked like little fuzzy worms. One end of the body was forked and the parts were quite different. One part was covered with a spray of fine hairs with which it jerked itself about. The other was a hollow tube through which it breathed. The little wrigglers often stuck their noses out for a breath of air, and then jerked and wriggled, or floated quietly just beneath the surface of the water.

All of them jerked and wriggled most of the time, and they grew very fast. One grew faster than the others. "What a large head you have," said a tiny one to him, one day.

"That comes from using it a little," he replied, as he wriggled about.

He did have a large head, but so did they all, before very long, for their bodies became very short and stubby. In less than a week some of them began to float about upon the smooth surface. They looked like little crawfish, with their thick bodies and drooping tails. In a few days the sun dried their skins until they cracked open on the back. Young mosquitoes were inside the skins. They soon scrambled out of their little skin boats and sat on top of them until their legs and wings were dry.

It was less than two weeks since Wriggles had come from the cellar, yet her eggs had all hatched, and the young were flying about the barrel. Some of these<sup>15</sup> were caught by swallows and dragon flies, while others flew away and never returned.

Nearly a hundred laid their eggs in the barrel. The eggs began to hatch the next day, and the water was soon alive with wriggling little creatures, each trying<sup>20</sup> to wriggle faster than the others. If poor Wriggles could have seen all these wrigglers, how proud she would have been of her many grandchildren! She could have claimed them every one, too, for they all looked as she had looked when she was a wriggler.<sup>25</sup>

Mosquitoes were everywhere. Thousands of these laid their eggs in the barrel, while as many more went down to the little pond in the meadow, to lay their

eggs. Wrigglers were welcome visitors down there, for they were fine food for the little tadpoles.

There were lively times in the pond now. Tadpoles bobbed in and out among the tall grasses. Big bullfrogs hopped in and out of the water with such bluster that they frightened the tiny tads nearly out of their wits. *JT*

But the little tadpoles were always hungry. They ate wrigglers until they could hardly breathe, and then <sup>10</sup> they ate some more, but they could not eat them all.

Thousands were left unharmed and grew into mosquitoes. Many of these were caught by swallows and dragon flies. The rest made life miserable for all the people who lived near by.

<sup>25</sup> During the warm summer nights, Wriggles's great-grandchildren kept Sammy Todd and his little sister awake most of the time. Their faces and arms were covered with big red splotches, and their muscles ached so that they could not sleep. Then came chills <sup>20</sup> and fever.

"It's malaria," said the wise old doctor, after taking their pulses and temperatures.

He looked at their pale little faces and shook his head gravely. He left some quinine for them and went <sup>25</sup> away. Their mother was very anxious about them for a while, and the doctor came back every day until they were better. Finally the quinine broke the fever and good food gave them strength again.

Sammy was up first, and was soon out in the sunshine. He was passing the rain barrel, one morning, and chanced to look into it.

"See the mosquitoes and wrigglers!" said he, as he looked at the water. "I wonder if they are related. I'll find out."

With a piece of fine wire netting which he found in the barn, he soon covered the barrel so completely that none of the insects could escape.

In a few days the barrel was full of mosquitoes.<sup>10</sup> "Ah, I have it," said he, "those little eggs hatch into wrigglers; the wrigglers change into those stubby little fellows that float about like crawfish; and they soon change into real live mosquitoes."

He watched the little wrigglers closely. "Why do<sup>15</sup> some of them go up and down so?" he said. "Why do others lie just under the surface with both ends out of the water? I believe they are different kinds. One seems to get food deep in the water, and only comes up for air, while the other gets both food and<sup>20</sup> air at the surface."

He did not know that those feeding near the surface were great-great-grandchildren of Wriggles, while the others were a different kind, called Culex.

Some of them came up, up, and stuck their little<sup>25</sup> air tubes out for a breath. Then with a jerk they went down deep into the water again. Sammy watched them with a great deal of interest.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I'll fix them, when they come up for air. A few drops of kerosene will stop this circus," and he ran for the oil can.

The light oil spread out over the smooth surface of the water. When the wrigglers stuck their noses out for air, they got oil instead. Sammy thought it was a good joke, and shouted, "Ah, that takes the wriggle out of them!"

He was still more excited when he saw the mosquitoes sinking down into the water. The oily surface would not hold them up, and soon they were all drowned. "The oil finished them," said Sammy, as he turned toward the house.

Sammy's parents were interested in his experiment with the mosquitoes. They told him to put oil on the little pond in the meadow, and all went down to see it tried. It spread out over the smooth surface of the water. Wrigglers were soon up for air. A little oil in their noses and they went down to stay. The mosquitoes that lighted on the water also went down to keep them company.

—*Our Common Friends and Foes.*

1. How many kinds of mosquitoes are mentioned? What difference did Sammy observe between them?
2. Trace the life history of a mosquito.
3. What should Sammy's parents have done to the rain barrel to prevent the first Wriggles from getting into it? Tin cans, stagnant pools — any place where water stands — may become a breeding place for mosquitoes. How can you help stamp out this pest? Why are mosquitoes dangerous? (Read the next story.)

## A BIG PROJECT

THE early explorers tried for years to find an all-water passage across the Americas to the East Indies. They failed because the passage does not exist.

Three centuries later, the French tried to build such a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama. Famous engineers laid out the plans. Millions in money were supplied. The scheme failed; and it came to nothing largely because of a tiny insect — the mosquito.

Then the United States took over the project and assigned the job to two great engineers. One was <sup>10</sup> a civil engineer, familiar with big building. That was General Goethals (Gō'thälz). His task was the actual construction of the canal. The other was General Gorgas (gôr'gås), and his part was to make the Canal Zone free from disease, so men could live there. The <sup>15</sup> work of Goethals would amount to nothing, just as the French attempt had done, if Gorgas failed.

Two dread diseases prevailed — malaria and yellow fever. These had whipped the French. General Gorgas set to work with his staff of assistants to stamp <sup>20</sup> out both. He knew that the disease germs of each were carried by mosquitoes. Accordingly, mosquito netting protected the lives of his pioneers while they fought the disease and its carriers in their very strongholds.

Disease germs breed in filth. Hence cleanliness must come first. Accordingly, he had the cities and towns cleaned up. Garbage and refuse heaps were removed, streets were flushed, sewage systems were installed, and filthy hovels burned. That did away largely with the immediate disease hatchers.

At the same time the germ carriers had to go. War was waged on mosquitoes. The *Anopheles* (ä-nöf'ë-lëz) carries the malaria germ from one person to another; the *Stegomyia* (stëg-ō-mi'yä) carries the microbe of yellow fever. Swamps were filled in, landlocked water was drained, and oil was used freely. The mosquitoes went. And with them went the malaria and yellow-fever epidemics. Goethals and his men could work in peace and security; and the Canal was built—the greatest piece of engineering of all time.

Thus it was that the all-water route across the Americas came to be a fact—largely because human intelligence was turned against a dangerous insect.

1. Who were some of the explorers who searched for a waterway across North America, to make a “short cut” from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific? Where does the long way take ships?

2. You will be interested to know that General Gorgas's success in the Canal Zone caused him to be looked upon as a “doctor for the whole world.” He was called upon to clean up a yellow-fever epidemic in Havana—and did it. The British Government asked him to stamp out the pneumonia plague in South Africa; and he went there. Ecuador next called him in a yellow-fever scourge, and he freed her chief port of this menace. He died in 1920, while on his way to do a further mission of mercy in West Africa.

## MERRY AUTUMN

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

IT'S all a farce,—these tales they tell  
About the breezes sighing,  
And moans astir o'er field and dell,  
Because the year is dying.

Such principles are most absurd,—

I care not who first taught 'em ;  
There's nothing known to beast or bird  
To make a solemn autumn.

5

A butterfly goes winging by ;  
A singing bird comes after ;  
And Nature all, from earth to sky,  
Is bubbling o'er with laughter.

10

The ripples wimple on the rills,  
Like sparkling little lasses ;  
The sunlight runs along the hills,  
And laughs among the grasses.

15

The earth is just so full of fun  
It really can't contain it ;  
And streams of mirth so freely run,  
The heavens seem to rain it.

20

In solemn times, when grief holds sway  
With countenance distressing,  
You'll note the more of black and gray  
Will then be used in dressing.

5 Now purple tints are all around ;

The sky is blue and mellow ;  
And e'en the grasses turn the ground  
From modest green to yellow.

10 The seed burs all with laughter crack

On featherweed and jimson ;  
And leaves that should be dressed in black  
Are all decked out in crimson.

15 Don't talk to me of solemn days

In autumn's time of splendor,  
Because the sun shows fewer rays,  
And these grow slant and slender.

20 Why, it's the climax of the year, —

The highest tide of living ! —  
Till naturally its bursting cheer  
Just melts into thanksgiving.

1. Most people look upon autumn as a time of sadness. Why?  
Do you think it a sad time of year? What does the author think?
2. What arguments does he give to prove that fall is a joyous season? What is the high tide of autumn? Do you agree?

## JARRO, THE WILD DUCK

By SELMA LAGERLÖF

TAKERN is a pretty large lake and in olden times it must have been still larger. But then the people thought it covered entirely too much of the fertile plain, so they attempted to drain the water from it, that they might sow and reap on the lake bottom. But they did not succeed in laying waste the entire lake — which had evidently been their intention — therefore it still hides a lot of land. Since the draining, the lake has become so shallow that hardly at any point is it more than a couple of meters deep. The shores have become marshy and muddy; and out in the lake, little mud islets stick up above the water's surface.

Now there is one who loves to stand with his feet in the water if he can just keep his body and head in the air, and that is the reed. And it cannot find a better place to grow upon than the long, shallow Takern shores and around the little mud islets. It thrives so well that it grows taller than a man's height, and so thick that it is almost impossible to push a boat through it. It forms a broad green inclosure around the whole lake, so that it is only accessible in a few places where the people have cut out the reeds.

But if the reeds shut the people out, they give, in

return, shelter and protection to many other things. In the reeds there are a lot of little dams and canals with green, still water, where duckweed and pond-weed run to seed, and where gnat eggs and blackfish and worms are hatched out in uncountable masses. And all along the shores of these little dams and canals there are many well-concealed places where seabirds hatch their eggs and bring up their young, without being disturbed either by enemies or food worries.

An incredible number of birds live in the Takern reeds; and more and more gather there every year, as it becomes known what a splendid abode it is. The first who settled there were the wild ducks; and they still live there by thousands. But they no longer own the entire lake, for they have been obliged to share it with swans, grebes, coots, loons, and ducks.

There lived at Takern a wild duck named Jarro. He was a young bird, who had only lived one summer, one fall, and a winter; now, it was his first spring. He had just returned from South Africa and had reached Takern in such good season that the ice was still on the lake.

One evening, when he and the other young wild ducks played at racing backward and forward over the lake, a hunter fired a couple of shots at them, and Jarro was wounded in the breast. He thought he

should die; but in order that the one who had shot him shouldn't get him into his power, he continued to fly as long as he possibly could. He didn't think whether he was directing his course, but only struggled to get far away. When his strength failed him,<sup>5</sup> so that he could not fly any farther, he was no longer on the lake. He had flown a bit inland, and now he sank down before the entrance to one of the big farms which lie along the shores of Takern.

A moment later a young farm hand happened<sup>10</sup> along. He saw Jarro, and came and lifted him up. But Jarro, who asked for nothing but to be let die in peace, gathered his last powers and nipped the farm hand in the finger, so he should let go of him.

Jarro didn't succeed in freeing himself. The en-<sup>15</sup> counter had this good in it at any rate — the farm hand noticed that the bird was alive. He carried him very gently into the cottage and showed him to the mistress of the house — a young woman with a kindly face. At once she took Jarro from the farm hand, stroked him on the back, and wiped away the blood which trickled down through the neck feathers. She looked him over very carefully; and when she saw how pretty he was, with his dark-green, shining head, his white neckband, his brownish-red back,<sup>20</sup> and his blue wing mirror, she must have thought that it was a pity for him to die. She promptly put a basket in order and tucked the bird into it.

All the while Jarro fluttered and struggled to get loose; but when he understood that the people didn't intend to kill him, he settled down in the basket with a sense of pleasure. Now it was evident how exhausted he was from pain and loss of blood. The mistress carried the basket across the floor to place it in the corner by the fireplace; but before she put it down Jarro was already fast asleep.

In a little while Jarro was awakened by some one who nudged him gently. When he opened his eyes he experienced such an awful shock that he almost lost his senses. Now he was lost! For there stood the one who was more dangerous than either human beings or birds of prey. It was no less a thing than Cæsar himself — the long-haired dog — who nosed around him inquisitively.

How pitifully scared had he not been last summer, when he was still a little yellow-down duckling, every time it had sounded over the reed stems: "Cæsar is coming! Cæsar is coming!" When he had seen the brown-and-white-spotted dog with the teeth-filled jowls come wading through the reeds, he had believed that he beheld death itself. He had always hoped that he would never have to live through that moment when he should meet Cæsar face to face. *91* But, to his sorrow, he must have fallen down in the very yard where Cæsar lived, for there he stood right over him. "Who are you?" he growled. "How



did you get into the house? Don't you belong down among the reed banks?"

It was with great difficulty that he gained the courage to answer. "Don't be angry with me, Cæsar, because I came into the house!" he said. "It isn't my fault. I have been wounded by a gunshot. It was the people themselves who laid me in this basket."

"Oho! So it's the folks themselves that have placed you here," said Cæsar. "Then it is surely their intention to cure you; although, for my part, I think it would be wiser for them to eat you up, since you are in their power. But, at any rate, you are tabooed in the house. You needn't look so scared. Now, we're not down on Takern."

With that Cæsar laid himself to sleep in front of the blazing log fire. As soon as Jarro understood that this terrible danger was past, extreme lassitude came over him, and he fell asleep anew.

The next time Jarro awoke, he saw that a dish with grain and water stood before him. He was still quite ill, but he felt hungry nevertheless, and began to eat. When the mistress saw that he ate she came up and petted him and looked pleased. After that, Jarro fell asleep again. For several days he did nothing but eat and sleep.

One morning Jarro felt so well that he stepped from the basket and wandered along the floor. But he hadn't gone very far before he keeled over and lay there. Then came Cæsar, opened his big jaws, and grabbed him. Jarro believed, of course, that the dog was going to bite him to death; but Cæsar carried him back to the basket without harming him. Because of this, Jarro acquired such a confidence in the dog Cæsar that on his next walk in the cottage he went over to the dog and lay down beside him. After

that Cæsar and he became good friends, and every day, for several hours, Jarro lay and slept between Cæsar's paws.

But an even greater affection than he felt for Cæsar, did Jarro feel toward his mistress. Of her he had not the least fear, but rubbed his head against her hand when she came and fed him. Whenever she went out of the cottage he sighed with regret; and when she came back he cried welcome to her.

### D 1

Jarro forgot entirely how afraid he had been of both dogs and humans in other days. He thought now that they were gentle and kind, and he loved them. He wished that he were well, so he could fly down to Takern and tell the wild ducks that their enemies were not dangerous, and that they need not fear them. 15

He had observed that the human beings, as well as Cæsar, had calm eyes, which it did one good to look into. The only one in the cottage whose glance he did not care to meet was Clawina, the house cat. She did him no harm, either, but he couldn't place any confidence in her. Then, too, she quarreled with him constantly, because he loved human beings. "You think they protect you because they are fond of you," said Clawina. "You just wait until you are fat enough! Then they'll wring the neck off 25 you. I know them, I do."

Jarro, like all birds, had a tender and affectionate

heart; and he was unutterably distressed when he heard this. He couldn't imagine that his mistress would wish to wring the neck off him, nor could he believe any such thing of her son, the little boy who sat for hours beside his basket and babbled and chattered. He seemed to think that both of them had the same love for him that he had for them.

One day, when Jarro and Cæsar lay on the usual spot before the fire, Clawina sat on the hearth and began to tease the wild duck.

"I wonder, Jarro, what you wild ducks will do next year, when Takern is drained and turned into grain-fields?" said Clawina.

"What's that you say, Clawina?" cried Jarro, and jumped up — scared through and through.

"I always forget, Jarro, that you do not understand human speech, like Cæsar and myself," answered the cat. "Or else you surely would have heard how the men who were here in the cottage yesterday said that all the water was going to be drained from Takern, and that next year the lake bottom would be as dry as a house floor. And now I wonder where you wild ducks will go."

When Jarro heard this talk he was so furious that he hissed like a snake. "You are just as mean as a common coot!" he screamed at Clawina. "You only want to incite me against human beings. I don't believe they want to do anything of the sort.

They must know that Takern is the wild ducks' property. Why should they make so many birds homeless and unhappy? You have certainly hit upon all this to scare me. I hope that you may be torn in pieces by Gorgo, the eagle! I hope that my mistress will chop off your whiskers!"

But Jarro couldn't shut Clawina up with this outburst. "So you think I'm lying," said she. "Ask Cæsar, then! He was also in the house last night. Cæsar never lies."

"Cæsar," said Jarro, "you understand human speech much better than Clawina. Say that she hasn't heard aright! Think how it would be if the people drained Takern and changed the lake bottom into fields! Then there would be no more pondweed or duck food for the grown wild ducks, and no black-fish or worms or gnat eggs for the ducklings. Then the reed banks would disappear — where now the ducklings conceal themselves until they are able to fly. All ducks would be compelled to move away from here and seek another home. But where shall they find a retreat like Takern? Cæsar, say that Clawina has not heard aright!"

It was extraordinary to watch Cæsar's behavior during this conversation. He had been wide-awake the whole time before, but now, when Jarro turned to him, he panted, laid his long nose on his forepaws, and was sound asleep within the wink of an eyelid.

The cat looked down at Cæsar with a knowing smile. "I believe that Cæsar doesn't care to answer you," she said to Jarro. "It is with him as with all dogs; they will never acknowledge that humans can do anything wrong. But you can rely upon my word; at any rate I shall tell you why they wish to drain the lake just now. As long as you wild ducks still had the power on Takern, they did not wish to drain it, for, at least, they got some good out of you; but now, grebes and coots and other birds who are not good as food have infested nearly all the reed banks, and the people don't think they need let the lake remain on their account."

Jarro didn't trouble himself to answer Clawina but raised his head and shouted in Cæsar's ear: "Cæsar! You know that on Takern there are still so many ducks left that they fill the air like clouds. Say it isn't true that human beings intend to make all of these homeless!"

Then Cæsar sprang up with such a sudden outburst at Clawina that she had to save herself by jumping up on a shelf. "I'll teach you to keep quiet when I want to sleep," bawled Cæsar. "Of course, I know that there is some talk about draining the lake this year. But there's been talk of this many times before without anything coming of it. And that draining business is a matter in which I take no stock whatever. For how would it go with the game if

Takern were laid waste? You're a donkey to gloat over a thing like that. What will you and I have to amuse ourselves with when there are no more birds on Takern?"

A couple of days later Jarro was so well that he could fly all about the house. Then he was petted a good deal by the mistress, and the little boy ran out in the yard and plucked the first grass blades for him which had sprung up. When the mistress caressed him, Jarro thought that although he was now so strong that he could fly down to Takern at any time, he shouldn't care to be separated from the human beings.

But early one morning the mistress placed a halter, or noose, over Jarro, which prevented him from using his wings, and then she turned him over to the farm hand who had found him in the yard. The farm hand poked him under his arm and went down to Takern with him.

The ice had melted away while Jarro had been ill. The old, dry fall leaves still stood along the shores and islets, but all the water growths had begun to take root down in the deep, and the green stems had already reached the surface. And now nearly all the migratory birds were at home. The curlews' hooked bills peeped out from the reeds. The grebes glided about with new feather collars around the neck;



and the jacksnipes were gathering straws for their nests.

The farm hand got into a scow, laid Jarro in the bottom of the boat, and began to pole himself out on the lake. Jarro, who had now accustomed himself to expect only good of human beings, said to Cæsar, who was also in the party, that he was very grateful toward the farm hand for taking him out on the lake,

but there was no need to keep him so closely guarded, for he did not intend to fly away. To this Cæsar made no reply. He was very close-mouthed that morning.

The only thing which struck Jarro as being a bit peculiar was that the farm hand had taken his gun along. He couldn't believe that any of the good folk in the cottage would want to shoot birds. And, besides, Cæsar had told him that the people didn't hunt at this time of the year. "It is a prohibited time," he had said, "although that doesn't concern me."

The farm hand went over to one of the little reed-inclosed mud islets. There he stepped from the boat, gathered some old reeds into a pile, and lay down behind it. Jarro was permitted to wander around on the ground, with the halter over his wings, and tethered to the boat with a long string.

Suddenly Jarro caught sight of some young ducks and drakes, in whose company he had formerly raced backward and forward over the lake. They were a long way off, but Jarro called them to him with a couple of loud shouts. They responded, and a large and beautiful flock approached. Before they got there, Jarro began to tell them about his marvelous rescue and of the kindness of human beings. Just then two shots sounded behind him. Three ducks sank down in the reeds lifeless — and Cæsar bounced out and captured them.

Then Jarro understood. The human beings had only saved him that they might use him as a decoy duck. And they had also succeeded. Three ducks had died on his account. He thought he should die of shame. He thought that even his friend Cæsar looked contemptuously at him; and when they came home to the cottage, he didn't dare lie down and sleep beside the dog.

The next morning Jarro was again taken out on the shallows. This time too, he saw some ducks. But when he observed that they flew toward him, he called to them: "Away! Away! Be careful! Fly in another direction! There's a hunter hidden behind the reed pile! I'm only a decoy bird!" And he actually succeeded in preventing them from coming within shooting distance.

Jarro scarcely had time to taste of a grass blade, so busy was he in keeping watch. He called out his warning as soon as a bird drew nigh. He even warned the grebes, although he detested them because they crowded the ducks out of their best hiding places. But he did not wish that any bird should meet with misfortune on his account. And thanks to Jarro's vigilance the farm hand went home empty-handed.

Despite this fact, Cæsar looked less displeased than on the previous day; and when evening came he took Jarro in his mouth, carried him over to the fireplace, and let him sleep between his forepaws.

Nevertheless, Jarro was no longer contented in the cottage, but was grievously unhappy. His heart suffered at the thought that humans never had loved him. When the mistress or the little boy came forward to caress him, he stuck his bill under his wing, and pretended that he slept.

For several days Jarro continued his distressful watch service; and already he was known all over Takern. Then it happened one morning, while he called as usual, "Have a care, birds! Don't come near me! I'm only a decoy duck," that a grebe nest came floating toward the shallows where he was tied. This was nothing especially remarkable. It was a nest from the year before; and since grebe nests are built in such a way that they can move on water like boats, it often happens that they drift out toward the lake. Still Jarro stood there and stared at the nest, because it came so straight toward the islet that it looked as though some one had steered its course over the water.

As the nest came nearer, Jarro saw that a little human being — the tiniest he had ever seen — sat in the nest and rowed it forward with a pair of sticks. And this little human called to him: "Go as near the water as you can, Jarro, and be ready to fly. You shall be freed."

A few seconds later the grebe nest lay near land, but the little oarsman did not leave it, but sat huddled

up between branches and straw. Jarro too held himself almost immovable. He was actually paralyzed with fear lest the rescuer should be discovered.

The next thing which occurred was that a flock of wild geese came along. Then Jarro woke up to business and warned them with loud shrieks; but in spite of this they flew backward and forward over the shallows several times. They held themselves so high that they were beyond shooting distance; still the farm hand let himself be tempted to fire a couple of shots at them. These shots were hardly fired before the little creature ran up on land, drew a tiny knife from its sheath, and, with a couple of quick strokes, cut loose Jarro's halter. "Now fly away, Jarro, before the man has time to load again!" cried he, while he himself ran down to the grebe nest and poled away from the shore.

The hunter had had his gaze fixed upon the geese and hadn't observed that Jarro had been freed; but Cæsar had followed more carefully what which happened; and just as Jarro raised his wings, he dashed forward and grabbed him by the neck.

Jarro cried pitifully; and the boy who had freed him said quietly to Cæsar: "If you are just as honorable as you look, surely you cannot wish to force a good bird to sit here and entice others into trouble."

When Cæsar heard these words he grinned viciously with his upper lip, but the next second he dropped

Jarro. "Fly, Jarro!" said he. "You are certainly too good to be a decoy duck. It wasn't for this that I wanted to keep you here, but because it will be lonely in the cottage without you."

— *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.*

1. See how many of the following questions you can answer after reading the story once:

(a) How was Jarro captured? What acquaintances did he make at the house?

(b) Describe Cæsar. What qualities did he have that make you like him? What do you not like about the cat?

(c) How long was Jarro a captive? Why did he not escape earlier? What is meant by shooting game out of season?

(d) What is a decoy duck? Why was Cæsar ashamed of Jarro's being a decoy? How and why did Jarro finally escape? Who was the little fairy that appeared?

If there are any points that you are not sure about, read again the part of the story touching upon that point.

2. Tell briefly the story of Jarro, touching upon (a) his capture, (b) his life at the house, (c) his escape.



### **RED-LETTER DAYS**

*On our calendars certain dates are printed in red. They are in bright colors not because they are holidays, but because they stand for some event in our own or the world's history. In the following group of selections you should have no trouble in finding out what event each commemorates. And when these days come you will look upon them as something more than a vacation.*



THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE (*See page 320*)

## THE BOY COLUMBUS

“**T**IS a wonderful story,” I hear you say,  
“How he struggled and worked and plead  
and prayed,  
And faced every danger undismayed,  
With a will that would neither break nor bend,  
And discovered a new world in the end —  
But what does it teach to a boy of to-day?  
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course,  
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:  
There is nothing left for a boy to find” —

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;  
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,  
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;  
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents  
known;  
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown  
They have carried a venturing prow?  
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,  
That await their discoverer’s footfall; spread fair  
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,  
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene  
And await their Columbus securely.  
There are new worlds in Science and new worlds in Art,  
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart  
Will discover his new world surely.

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY JOHN D. McCRAE

**I**N FLANDERS fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place ; and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.  
We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe !  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high !  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

1. This is one of the finest poems of the World War. It was written by an officer of a Canadian hospital unit. You should know it by heart. What does it mean? A reply to it appears on the opposite page. Read the two together.

(From *In Flanders Fields* by John McCrae. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.)

## AMERICA'S ANSWER

By R. W. LILLARD

REST ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.  
The fight that ye so bravely led  
We've taken up. And we will keep  
True faith with you who lie asleep  
With each a cross to mark his bed,  
And poppies blowing overhead,  
Where once his own lifeblood ran red.  
So let your rest be sweet and deep  
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.  
The torch ye threw to us we caught.  
Ten million hands will hold it high,  
And Freedom's light shall never die!  
We've learned the lesson that ye taught  
In Flanders fields.

1. What fight is referred to in line 2? What answer did America send? Explain lines 4-9.

2. What torch is meant in line 11? Why "ten million hands" in line 12?

(Used by courtesy of the author and the *New York Evening Post*.)

## A HEBREW SONG OF THANKSGIVING

O H, GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for He is good ;  
for His mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way ; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.

And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men !

For He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

— *The Bible.*

1. Read the selection aloud. It is a song to be chanted and the music of the words is lost when it is read silently.
2. For what were the Hebrews offering up this song of thanks ? Where had they been ?
3. What other things besides their delivery were the Hebrews thankful for ?
4. On what occasion could this song be appropriately recited ?

## A GOOD TIME

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS

S AID good Grandfather Gay,  
"On a Thanksgiving Day,  
If you want a good time, give something away."  
So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price,  
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How  
nice!"

And with such a good dinner I ought  
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken — oh, see!" said the pleased Mrs.  
Lee;

"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!  
I would like to make some one as happy as I;  
So I'll give Mrs. Murphy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh, sure!" poor Mrs. Murphy said, "'Tis the  
queen of pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.  
Now it's my turn, I think. So a sweet ginger cake  
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

Said the Finnigan children — Rose, Danny, and Hugh —  
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice  
To little lame Jake, who has nothing nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you," said little lame Jake;

"Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful cake!

And, oh, such a big slice! I'll save all the crumbs,  
And will give them to each little sparrow that comes." ,

And the sparrows they twittered, as though they would say,

Like good Grandfather Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, give something away."

10

1. How many people did Grandfather Gay make happy? Why was he so named? How did each one pass his happiness along?

2. The sparrows discovered the way to be happy. What is the way?



# LITTLE WOLFF AND HIS WOODEN SHOE



By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

ONCE upon a time, so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date, there was a little boy whose name was Wolff. He lived with his aunt in a tall old house in a city whose name is so hard to pronounce that nobody can speak it. He was seven years old, and he could not remember that he had ever seen his father or his mother.

The old aunt who had the care of little Wolff was very selfish and cross. She gave him dry bread to eat, of which there was never enough; and not more than once in the year did she speak kindly to him.

But the poor boy loved this woman, because he had no one else to love; and there was never a day so dark that he did not think of the sunlight.

Everybody knew that Wolff's aunt owned a house and had a stocking of gold under her bed, and so she did not dare to send the little boy to the school for the poor, as she would have liked to do. But a schoolmaster on the next street agreed to teach him for almost nothing; and whenever there was work he could do, he was kept at home.

The schoolmaster had an unkind feeling for Wolff because he brought him so little money and was dressed so poorly. And so the boy was punished

very often, and had to bear the blame for all the wrong that was done in the school.

The little fellow was often very sad; and more than once he hid himself where he could not be seen and cried as though his heart would break. But at last, Christmas came.

The night before Christmas there was to be singing in the church, and the schoolmaster was to be there with all his boys; and everybody was to have a very happy time looking at the Christmas candles and listening to the sweet music.

The winter had set in very cold and rough, and there was much snow on the ground; and so the boys came to the schoolhouse with fur caps drawn down over their ears, and heavy coats, and warm gloves, and thick, high-topped boots. But little Wolff had no warm clothes. He came shivering in the thin coat which he wore on Sundays in summer; and there was nothing on his feet but coarse stockings very full of holes, and a pair of heavy wooden shoes. And these too were his “Sunday best.”

The other boys made many jokes about his sad looks and his worn-out clothes. But the poor child was so busy blowing his fingers and thumping his toes to keep them warm that he did not hear what was said. And when the hour came, the whole company of boys, with the schoolmaster at their head, started to march to the church.

It was very fine in the church. Hundreds of wax candles were burning in their places, and the air was so warm that Wolff soon forgot his aching fingers. The boys sat still for a little while; and then while the singing was going on and the organ was making loud music, they began in low voices to talk to one another; and each told about the fine things that were going to be done at his home on the morrow.

The mayor's son told of a monstrous goose that he had seen in the kitchen before he came away; it was stuffed, and stuck all over with cloves till it was as spotted as a leopard. Another boy whispered of a little fir tree in a wooden box in his mother's parlor; its branches were full of fruits and nuts and candy and beautiful toys. And he said that he was sure of a fine dinner, for the cook had pinned the two strings of her cap behind her back, as she always did when something wonderfully good was coming.

Then the children talked of what the Christ Child would bring them, and of what He would put in their shoes, which, of course, they would leave by the fireplace when they went to bed. And the eyes of the little fellows danced with joy as they thought of the bags of candy and the lead soldiers and the grand jumping jacks which they would draw out in the morning.

But little Wolff said nothing. He knew that his selfish old aunt would send him to bed without any supper, as she always did. But he felt in his heart

that he had been all the year as good and kind as he could be; and so he hoped that the blessed Christ Child would not forget him or fail to see his wooden shoes which he would put in the ashes in the corner of the fireplace.

5

At last the singing stopped, the organ was silent, and the Christmas music was ended. The boys arose in order and left the church, two by two, as they had entered it; and the teacher walked in front.

Now, as he passed through the door of the church, <sup>10</sup> little Wolff saw a child sitting on one of the stone steps and fast asleep in the midst of the snow. The child was thinly clad, and his feet, cold as it was, were bare.

In the pale light of the moon, the face of the child, with its closed eyes, was full of a sweetness which is <sup>15</sup> not of this earth, and his long locks of yellow hair seemed like a golden crown upon his head. But his poor bare feet, blue in the cold of that winter night, were sad to look upon.

The scholars, so warmly clad, passed before the <sup>20</sup> strange child and did not so much as glance that way. But little Wolff, who was the last to come out of the church, stopped, full of pity, before him.

“Ah, the poor child!” he said to himself. “How sad it is that he must go barefoot in such weather as <sup>25</sup> this! And what is still worse, he has not a stocking nor even a wooden shoe to lay before him while he



sleeps, so that the Christ Child can put something in it to make him glad when he wakens."

Little Wolff did not stand long to think about it; but in the goodness of his heart he took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and laid it by the side of the sleeping child. Then, limping along through the snow and shivering with cold, he went down the street till he came to his cheerless home,

"You worthless fellow!" cried his aunt. "Where have you been? What have you done with your other shoe?"

Little Wolff trembled now with fear as well as with the cold; but he had no thought of deceiving his angry aunt. He told her how he had given the shoe to a child that was poorer than himself. The woman laughed an ugly, wicked laugh.

"And so," she said, "our fine young gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars! He gives his wooden shoe to a barefoot! Well, we shall see. You may

put the shoe that is left in the chimney, and mind what I say — if anything is left in it, it will be a switch to whip you with in the morning. To-morrow, for your Christmas dinner, you shall have nothing but a hard crust of bread to eat and cold water to drink.<sup>5</sup> I will show you how to give away your shoes to the first beggar that comes along!"

91

The wicked woman struck the boy upon the cheek with her hand, and then made him climb up to his bed in the loft. Sobbing with grief and pain, little<sup>10</sup> Wolff lay on his hard, cold bed, and did not go to sleep till the moon had gone down and the Christmas bells had rung in the glad day of peace and good will.

In the morning when the old woman arose grumbling and went downstairs, a wonderful sight met her eyes.<sup>15</sup> The great chimney was full of beautiful toys and bags of candy and all kinds of pretty things; and right in the midst of these was the wooden shoe which Wolff had given to the child, and near it was its mate in which the wicked aunt had meant to put a strong<sup>20</sup> switch.

The woman was so amazed that she cried out and stood still as if in a fright. Little Wolff heard the cry and ran downstairs as quickly as he could to see what was the matter. He, too, stopped short when<sup>25</sup> he saw all the beautiful things there were in the chimney. But as he stood and looked, he heard people laughing in the street. What did it all mean?

By the side of the town pump many of the neighbors were standing. Each was telling what had happened at his home that morning. The boys who had rich parents and had been looking for beautiful gifts had found only long switches in their shoes.

But in the meanwhile, Wolff and his aunt stood still and looked at the wonderful gifts around the two wooden shoes. Who had placed them there? And where now was the kind, good giver?

Then, as they still wondered, they heard the voice of some one reading in the little chapel over the way: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these—" then, in some strange way, they understood how it had all come about; and even the heart of the wicked aunt was softened and her eyes filled with tears.

21

1. What kind of home life did Wolff have? Could his aunt afford better than she gave him? How old was Wolff?
2. Where did he go to school? Why? What kind of life did he lead there?
3. At what season of the year did the chief events of the story take place? In what two places? What did Wolff do in the first place? What happened in the second?
4. What did the switches mean? Write a single sentence telling what you think this story teaches.



## SANTA CLAUS

**H**E COMES in the night ! He comes in the night !  
He softly, silently comes ;

While the little brown heads on the pillows so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam, 5  
While the white flakes around him whirl ;

Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide ;  
It will carry a host of things,

While dozens of drums hang over the side,  
With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,  
Not a bugle blast is blown,

As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird, 15  
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,  
Till the stockings will hold no more ;

The bright little sleds for the great snow hills  
Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,  
And glides to his seat in the sleigh ;

Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the east, and he rides to the west,  
 Of his goodies he touches not one;  
 He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast  
 When the dear little folks are done.  
 5 Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;  
 This beautiful mission is his;  
 Then, children, be good to the little old man;  
 When you find who the little man is.



1. Make a list of the gifts mentioned. Find pictures of as many of these as you can, for your scrap book.
2. Imagine a Christmas when no Santa Claus came. Make up a story of what happened.

## THE UNBROKEN SONG

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
 Their old, familiar carols play,  
 And wild and sweet  
 The words repeat  
 5 Of peace on earth, good will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,  
 The belfries of all Christendom  
 Had rolled along  
 The unbroken song  
 10 Of peace on earth, good will to men !



## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

**R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;  
The year is going, let him go :  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ; 10  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times ;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood.  
 The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 10 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace,

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— *In Memoriam.*

1. We often speak of making New Year's resolutions to do better. What resolutions does the poem suggest? Can you think of other things to be "rung out" or "rung in"?



## THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

By MRS. R. C. D. ROBBINS

“I THOUGHT, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift, no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute — just one little minute — at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second — he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said — only twenty-four hours!

“‘I should be ashamed, father,’ Bennie said, ‘when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm’ — and he held it out so proudly before me — ‘for my country when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!’

“‘Go, my boy,’ I said, ‘and God keep you!’ God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen!” and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

“Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not.”

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had

been so concealed that no one noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter.

5 "It is from him," was all she said. 21

It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers and held it toward Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child.

10 The minister opened it and read as follows:

DEAR FATHER,—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not blind me or bind me, but that I may meet my death 15 like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the field of battle, for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it — to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace 20 you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, 25 and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. 30 I was all tired when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had

been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until — well, until it was too late.

They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve — given to me by circumstances — “time to write to you,” our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg them to let him die in my stead.

I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, <sup>so</sup> and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. Good-by, father!

To-night in the early twilight I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! <sup>xs</sup> God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie!

Late that night the door of the “back stoop” opened softly and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to <sup>so</sup> the right nor to the left. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the mill depot watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face. A few questions and ready answers told <sup>as</sup> him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother’s life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why <sup>so</sup>

she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time Blossom reached the capital and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement the door softly opened and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night,

not his; but Jemmie was too tired and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand." And the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, as she clung to his hand and told her simple story. Then she handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then taking up his pen wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "*Send this dispatch at once.*"

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back; or — wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death. He shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room and a strap

fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home.

A crowd had gathered at the mill depot to welcome them back; and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised!"



1. What scene from this story is illustrated on page 302? Read aloud the lines it illustrates. Does it fit your idea of Lincoln and Blossom?

2. What had Bennie done that got him into trouble? A military court decided that Bennie had committed a serious crime. Do you think he had? Discuss your answer, remembering what Bennie said in his letter, what his father said, and Lincoln's comments.

3. In this story you get a fine picture of Lincoln. Make a list of words that describe his character, not his appearance — words like "thoughtful."

4. In what ways was Blossom like her father and her brother? Explain your answer.

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I am not bound to win but I am bound to be true.  
I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up  
to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that  
stands right; stand with him while he is right and  
part with him when he goes wrong.

— Abraham Lincoln.



## IN THE WILDERNESS

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE

GEORGE WASHINGTON was only sixteen years old when he went into the forests of Virginia to survey the wild land belonging to his neighbor, Lord Fairfax. So well did he perform this work, that a few years later he was asked to undertake a much more difficult and dangerous journey.

At that time, the Great Woods, as the land beyond the Ohio River was then called, was claimed by both the English and the French. The hunters of both nations traded with the Indians, and both sides tried to gain the friendship of the wild men of the forest.

The governor of Virginia resolved to send the French a message, telling them that the land belonged to the English and that as the French had no right to it, they were not to build their forts upon it.

The person to be sent was to make his way for hundreds of miles through a forest. He must cross a wild and rocky range of mountains, and rivers which were wide and deep. He was also expected to make friends with the Indians. George Washington was selected to undertake this dangerous task and to carry the important message to the French commander.

On the very day that Washington received his orders, he started on his journey in company with three white men and two friendly Indians. They were obliged to carry all their supplies with them on horseback. In the daytime they rode through the woods, and at night they set up their tents near a spring or a stream of water.

After many days of travel they came to an Indian village. The chief was full of polite speeches, but he would make no promise to help the English instead of the French, should war break out between England and France.

He offered, however, to go with Washington to see the French commander, who was at a fort many miles to the north. Washington accepted his offer, and after a long and freezing ride they reached the fort, and the message was safely delivered.

After some days of waiting, the French commander wrote a reply to the message, stating that he could not and would not give up the country; he was ordered to hold it, and he meant to obey his orders. This was

all that could be obtained from him. Washington took the letter and prepared to return with it to the governor of Virginia.

Washington and his companions were furnished with canoes to aid them in carrying their baggage, and with supplies for their journey. The boats were rowed down the stream, and the horses followed by land.

It was in the depth of winter, and the weather was bitter cold. The river was full of floating ice, and the canoes were in frequent danger of being crushed to pieces. At one time the men were obliged to leave the river and carry the canoes on their backs, before they could find open water again.

At length they reached the Indian village, where they parted with the chief and his warriors. Washington <sup>15</sup> with his little company of men then set out on horseback, through the forests, for Virginia.

The water and snow had frozen in the forest paths. At every step the poor horses broke through the hard crust. They often stumbled, and more than once <sup>20</sup> fell beneath their riders.

It soon became plain to Washington that he would never reach Virginia with the message, if he depended on the horses to carry him there. He therefore determined to take the journey on foot through the wilder- <sup>25</sup> ness.

So he and a single companion, a hunter who knew how to live in the woods, set out together. They

packed a few provisions, strapped their knapsacks on their backs, took their rifles, and pushed into the woods. As there was no need for the remainder of the party to hasten, they were left to follow with the horses in the best manner that they could.

The long and dangerous march of the two brave men then began. They were in the midst of a great wilderness which was covered with snow, and they could only guess at the way. And what was worse than all, they were surrounded by unfriendly Indians. Perhaps in all Washington's long life he was never in greater danger. It seemed very doubtful whether he and his companion would ever return alive to Virginia.

But they marched on without fear. When they were hungry, they ate some of the provisions carried in their knapsacks; and at night they slept by a fire in the woods.

They met many dangers besides cold and hunger. At one time an Indian, who offered to be their guide, tried to shoot Washington. Having missed his aim, he was taken prisoner, but Washington would not allow him to be punished as he deserved.

The Indian's gun was taken away from him and he was allowed to return to his cabin. Now the travelers were in greater danger than before, for they knew that the Indian would soon come back with others to attack them. The only chance for their lives was to get away.

All night long the weary men pressed forward through the forest. Morning came, but still they made no halt for rest. On and on they dragged their tired feet, toiling through the snow. Not until night came again did they think it safe to stop for the sleep they so much needed.

And now they had nearly reached their journey's end. In a few days more they would be at home. But they must first cross a wide river. They reached the banks, expecting to find the stream frozen, when behold! it was full of floating ice.

They built a fire, and lay down to rest and to think what could be done. In the morning they felled trees and made a rude raft by tying the trunks together with the long stems of wild grapevines. 15

They dragged the raft to the edge of the ice that lined the river bank. Then the two men got upon it and pushed it into the water with long poles which they had cut for the purpose. Soon the raft was driving on into the midst of the broken ice. 20

The current was strong, and in spite of all they could do, the ice swept the raft down the stream. Washington was thrown into the water, and it was only by a hard struggle that he was able to climb upon the floating logs again. 25

At last the ice drove the raft upon a small island, and the two men managed to reach the land. There was no wood to be found for a fire, and the weather was

very cold. Drenched with water, Washington was obliged to pass the night without fire or shelter.

But how could they get to the shore? The raft had been carried away down the stream, and there were no trees that could be cut to build another. Must they perish when the long, hard journey was so nearly ended?

In the morning a joyful sight met their eyes. The intense cold had frozen the floating blocks of ice together, and there was a solid pathway to the bank of the river. They crossed the stream without trouble, although Washington's companion walked in great pain, with frozen feet and hands.

With brave hearts they traveled on. Very soon they came to the house of a trader who supplied all their needs. Washington bought a horse, and in a few days he reached Virginia and placed the message from the French commander safely in the hands of the governor.

—*Stories of the Old Dominion.*

1. What were the dangers Washington met on this journey? Which of his experiences was the worst?
2. Why was the trip undertaken? How far was Washington successful? In what did he fail?
3. Washington was only a young man when he made this trip. Why do you think he was chosen?



## THE SELFISH GIANT

By OSCAR WILDE

EVERY afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large, lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers, like stars, and there were twelve peach trees that in the springtime broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit.

The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games to listen to them.<sup>10</sup> "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation<sup>15</sup>

was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a wall all round it, and put up a notice board:

10  
Trespassers  
will be  
Prosecuted

He was a very selfish giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

20 Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it, as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went

off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver.<sup>5</sup> Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said; "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came.<sup>10</sup> Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when<sup>25</sup> he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet

singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant, and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up ! little boy," said the tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could ; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out.



"How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground forever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant strode up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck and kissed him. And the other children, when they



saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great ax and knocked down the wall.  
And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-by.

"But where is your little companion —" he said, "the boy I put into the tree?" The Giant loved him the best, because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children.

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said they did not know where he lived and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon when school was over, the children

came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely Spring asleep.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant.

"Tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

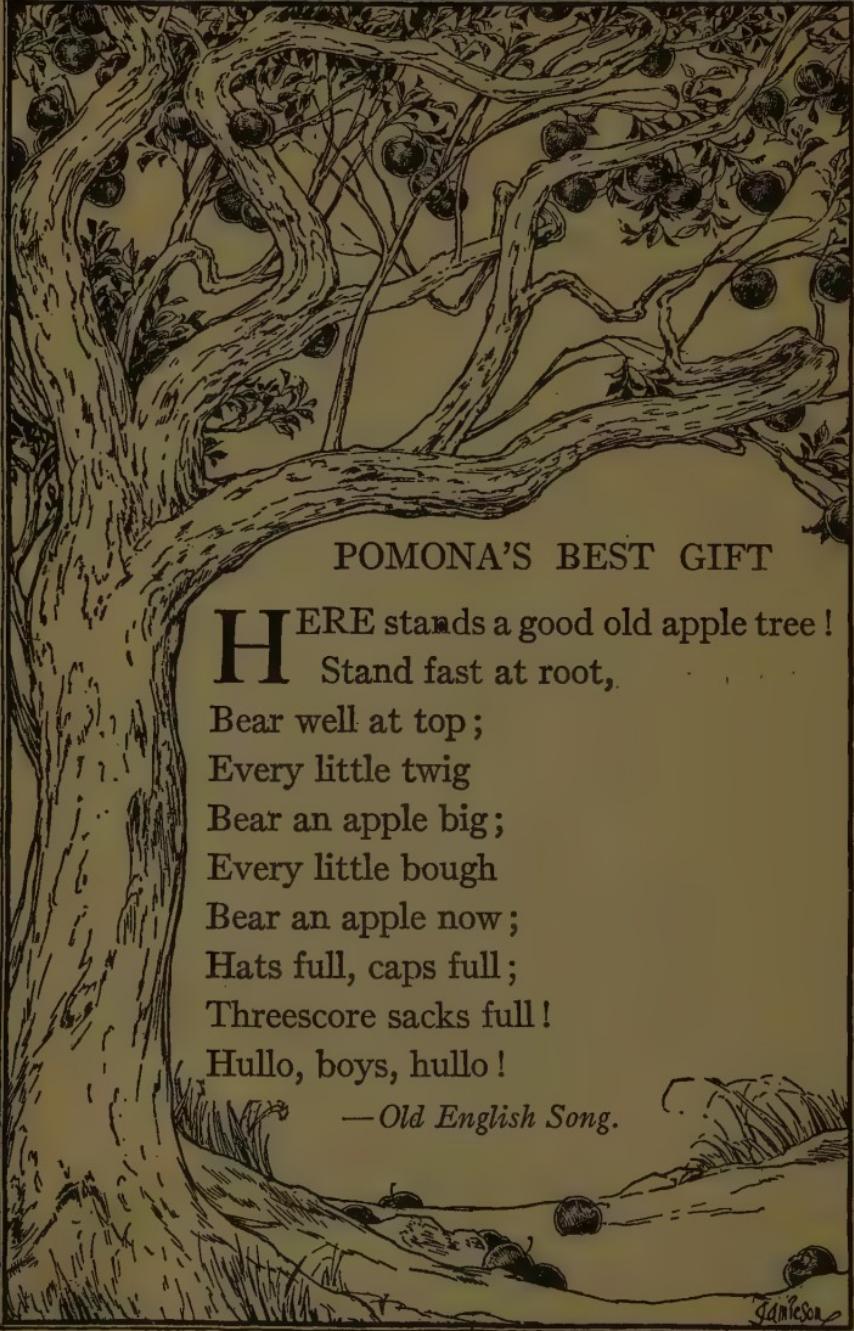
And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden; to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

— *The Happy Prince and Other Stories.*

1. This is a thorough spring story — a good story to read especially at Easter time, or spring vacation. Why?
2. Why is it called "The Selfish Giant"? Get another title for it.
3. Why did winter remain in the Giant's garden so long? Describe his garden as it appeared in winter. Pick out the lines that give the best picture of it in winter.
4. What changed the garden from winter to spring? Read the lines that best describe the spring.
5. If the children in the story represent love and kindness and goodness, what does the Giant represent?

(From *The Happy Prince and Other Stories* by Oscar Wilde. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.)



## POMONA'S BEST GIFT

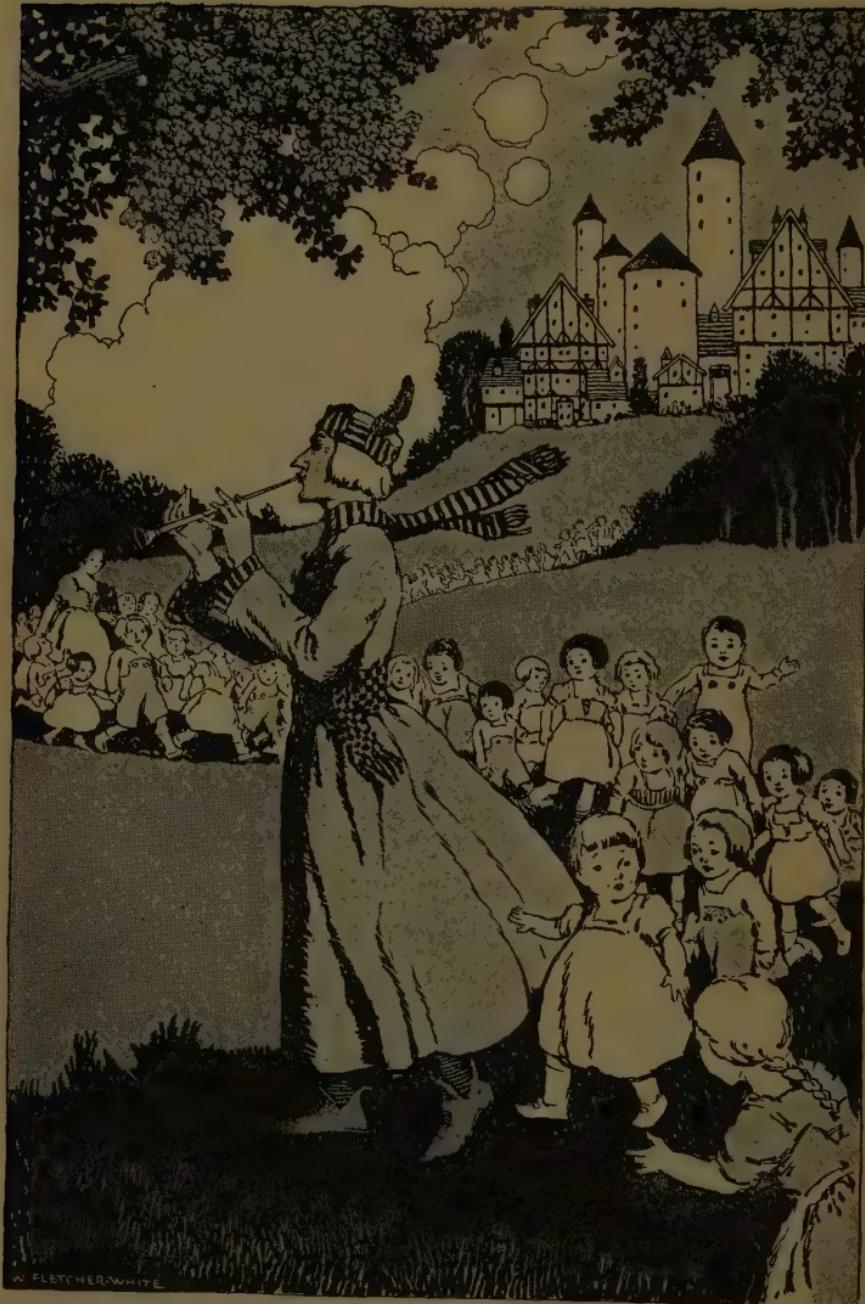
**H**ERE stands a good old apple tree !  
Stand fast at root,  
Bear well at top ;  
Every little twig  
Bear an apple big ;  
Every little bough  
Bear an apple now ;  
Hats full, caps full ;  
Threescore sacks full !  
Hullo, boys, hullo !

*— Old English Song.*

Jamieson

## *OTHER LANDS AND TIMES*

*The Past is full of stories strange to us who touch shoulders with the Present. The Old World is a place of mystery to us who know only the New. In the following tales you will find both strangeness and mystery; therein you can travel in another world beyond the sea and in a world of bygone days.*



THE PIED PIPER (*See opposite page*)

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

By ROBERT BROWNING

Hamelin Town on the Weser River was overrun with rats. The pest became so bad that the people waited on the Mayor and the City Corporation to find a way to get rid of the vermin. While the city officers were discussing matters, a strange-looking piper appeared and offered to pipe the rats out of town for a thousand guilders. His offer was accepted. The following extracts tell how he fulfilled his contract and what happened to the people of Hamelin for not fulfilling theirs.

27

INTO the street the Piper stepped,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while ;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered ;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling,  
The grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —  
Followed the Piper for their lives.

5

From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished! . . .

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles,  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with the carpenters and builders  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!” — when suddenly, up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the market place,  
With a “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”

10

15

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;  
So did the Corporation too. . . .  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!  
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,  
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,

20

25

And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 5 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!  
 I've promised to visit by dinner time  
 Bagdad, and accept the prime  
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 10 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:  
 With him I proved no bargain driver;  
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
 And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe after another fashion."

*27*  
 15 "How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook  
 Being worse treated than a Cook? . . .  
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street,  
 20 And to his lips again  
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air)  
 25 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,  
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,  
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by,  
— Could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !

However, he turned from south to west,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed ;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
“ He never can cross that mighty top !

He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"  
When, lo! as they reached the mountain side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain side shut fast.

1. Where are the events of this story supposed to take place? Why was the piper called in? What caused the trouble that followed? Why is the piper called " pied " ?
2. Read aloud the passages from the poem that you enjoy most. Why do you like them?
3. If you were staging this poem for a play or a moving picture, who would be the hero? What scenes would you have?

97

### THE CUNNING ARAB

**A**N Arab, belonging to the tribe of Neggden, owned a remarkable horse, the fame of which was spread far and wide. A Bedouin of another tribe, whose name was Daher, desired very much to possess him. He offered to give his camels, and, indeed, all he possessed, for him; but his owner would not part with him. Daher, however, had made up his mind that he would have the beautiful animal; so he resorted to a stratagem to obtain him.

He disguised himself by staining his face with the juice of an herb and dressing himself in rags. Then,



pretending to be a beggar, crippled and ill, he placed himself near where he knew that Nabar, the owner of the horse, must pass.

After a time, Nabar approached upon his beautiful steed. The pretended beggar then cried out, in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger, and ill, and for some time have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. Indeed, I am dying. Will you help me? Heaven will reward you."

Nabar kindly listened to his entreaties, and at once generously offered to take him upon his horse and carry him to a place where he could be cared for. But the cunning rogue replied, "I cannot rise. My strength is gone. I must have some assistance."

So Nabar dismounted, and led the horse to where the beggar lay, and with some difficulty placed him upon the animal's back. No sooner was Daher in the saddle than he seized the rein, and forcing the horse into a gallop, called out, "It is I — Daher. I have got your horse at last." 20

Nabar, however, called to him to stop and listen to something he had to say. Daher, feeling certain that he could not be overtaken, halted, and turned to hear what Nabar would say.

5 Nabar then said: "You have succeeded at last in getting my horse. Perhaps heaven has willed that it should be so. Take good care of him; and above all, I pray you, never tell anyone how you obtained him."

"Why not?" asked Daher.

10 "Because," replied the noble Arab, "some day other men may be really ill and need the assistance for which you have asked, and those of whom they ask it may be deterred from doing a charitable act for fear of being deceived as I have been."

15 These noble words made Daher's face burn with shame. After a moment's silence he sprang from the horse and returned him to his owner, whom he thanked for the lesson he had taught him.

Nabar forgave him and took him to his tent, where  
20 he remained a few days. Ever after that they were firm friends.

A T

1. Is this story well named? What does the word "cunning" mean to you? Rename the selection so that the title will suggest the way the story turns out.

2. Tell the story, putting American names in place of Arabian; a motorcycle or an automobile in place of the horse; and an American country scene in place of the desert.

## THE CADÍ'S DECISIONS

**B**OУ-AKAS, at one time the sheik, or chief ruler, of Algeria, heard that the cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, worthy of King Solomon himself. He determined to judge from his own observation of the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the cadi's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed. Having arrived there, he was just entering the gate when a cripple seized the border of his garment and asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

"What dost thou want?" asked the sheik. "I have already given thee alms." 15

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says not only, 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatever thou canst.'"

"Well! and what can I do for thee?" 20

"Thou canst save me — poor crawling creature that I am! — from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now being held."

"And how can I save thee?"

"By letting me ride behind you and putting me down safely in the market place, where I have business."

5 "Be it so," replied Bou-Akas. And stooping down he helped the cripple to get up behind him; a business which was accomplished with much difficulty.

The strangely assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets, and at length they reached the market place.

"Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

25 "What for?"

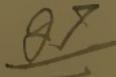
"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just cadi, and that if we bring the case before him he will certainly decide in my favor?"

"Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?"

25 "Don't you think that when he sees us two, you with your strong, straight limbs which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and me with my weak legs and distorted feet, he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"



"Should he do so, he would not be the just cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh, as to that," replied the cripple laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."

The sheik was greatly surprised. "But," he thought to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." Then he said aloud, "I am content. We will go before the cadi."

They arrived at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering justice. They found that two trials were already in waiting and would of course be heard before theirs. The first was between a taleb, or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the taleb's wife, whom the peasant claimed as his own.<sup>15</sup>

The woman remained obstinately silent and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision exceedingly difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here and return <sup>2c</sup> to-morrow."

The learned man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next cause was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was <sup>25</sup> sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first, and said :

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order

to pay him for it I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand and he still grasping my wrist. Now I assert that this man is a liar when he says that I stole his money; for the money is truly mine own."

Then spoke the oil merchant:

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it and was walking off with my money and my oil when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, 'Robber!'

"In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money, so I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. Now, I assert that this man is a liar when he says that I want to steal his money, for it is truly mine own."

The cadi caused each man to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the cadi's mantle. After which he and his opponent bowed and departed.



It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd."

"I consented, but when we reached the market place he refused to get down. He said that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most. That, my lord cadi, is precisely the state of the case."

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I kindly offered to take him up behind me and let him ride as far as the market place, and he eagerly thanked me." 77



"But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us."

Having made each repeat his statement and having reflected for a moment, the cadi said, "Leave the horse here and return to-morrow."

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions.

On the morrow a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The taleb and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the cadi to the former, "and keep her." Then turning toward an officer he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed.

Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher. "Here," said the cadi to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine and not his." Then pointing to the oil merchant he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows." 5

It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money. The third case was then called and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Wouldst thou recognize thy horse amongst twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas. 10

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable and Bou-Akas pointed 15 out his horse among the twenty which were standing side by side.

"'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal and send me thine adversary hither."

The disguised sheik obeyed, delivered his message, 20 and the cripple hastened to the stable as quickly as his distorted limbs could carry him. He had quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able without the slightest hesitation to place his hand on the right animal. 25

"'Tis well," said the cadi, "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived judgment was pronounced.

"The horse is thine," said the cadi to Bou-Akas.  
"Go to the stable and take him." Then turning to the officer he said, "Give this cripple fifty blows." It was done, and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him. 

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik. "But I want to ask by what means thou hast rendered justice, for I doubt not that the other two cases were decided as correctly as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The cadi bowed to the ground and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your Highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put

in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity.

"So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands — she must belong to the taleb.''"

"Good," said Bou-Akas nodding his head. "And the money?"

"Did Your Highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly I did."

"Well, I took the money and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval.

"Good," said he. "And my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business, and until this morning I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable was not to see if you would know the horse but if the

horse would know you. Now when you approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said: "Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear I could not fill thy place as cadi!"



1. This is a good story for you to read for details. See how accurately you can recall the incidents in succession. Sum them up briefly in the order in which they occur.

2. Why was the sheik's way of testing the wisdom of the cadi a good one?

3. Where did the incidents of this story take place? Locate the country on the map. In what continent is it?

## IN ARDEN FOREST

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

UNDER the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

— *As You Like It.*



## THE BUGLE SONG



BY ALFRED TENNYSON

THE splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— *The Princess.*



1. This song from *The Princess* illustrates the music of words. Memorize and recite it. The poem is a broken description of a fairylike castle, with the suggestion of pomp, battle, and death.



## THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS

By JEAN INGELOW

THERE was a cuckoo clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck one, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle, and took a saucepans off the fire, from which came a very savory smell.  
5 "If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple dumplings will be too much done."

"There he is!" cried the little boy, "he is coming around by the wood; and now he's going over the bridge. Oh, father, make haste, and have some apple  
20 dumpling!"

"Tom," said his wife as he came near, "art tired?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, as he threw himself on the bench, in the shadow of the thatch.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked his wife.  
25 "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" repeated Tom, "is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I'm a miserable hard-worked slave"; and he clapped his hands upon his knees and uttered in a deep voice, which frightened  
20 the children — "a miserable slave!"

"Bless us!" said the wife, but could not make out what he meant.

"A miserable, ill-used slave," continued Tom, "and always have been."

"Always have been?" said his wife. "Why, father, I thought thou used to say, at the election time, that thou was a free-born Briton."

"Women have no business with politics," said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. Whether it was the force of habit or the smell of the dinner that made him do it, has not been ascertained; but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple dumpling.

When the little children were gone out to play, Tom's wife said to him, "I hope thou and thy master haven't had words to-day."

"We've had no words," said Tom impatiently; "but I'm sick at being at another man's beck and call. It's, 'Tom, do this,' and 'Tom, do that,' and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night. I was thinking, as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master, — I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor workingman after all. In short, I'm a slave; and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cottage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as

usual; but she was mistaken. He walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down and began to brood over his grievances.

“Now, I’ll tell you what,” said Tom to himself. “It’s much pleasanter sitting here in the shade than broiling over celery trenches, and thinning wall fruit with a baking sun at one’s back and a hot wall before one’s eyes. But I’m a miserable slave. I must either work or see ‘em starve; a very hard lot it is to be a workingman.”

“Ahem,” said a voice close to him.

Tom started, and to his great surprise, saw a small man, about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green,—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.

“Servant, sir!” said Tom, edging himself a little farther off.

“Miserable slave,” said the small man, “art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?”

“Who are you?” said Tom. “And how dare you call me a slave?”

“Tom,” said the small man, with a knowing look, “don’t speak roughly. Keep your rough words for

your wife, my man ; she is bound to hear them,—what else is she for, in fact?"

"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom shortly.

"Tom, I'm your friend ; I think I can help you, out of your difficulty. Every minnow in this stream — they are very scarce, mind you — has a silver tail."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide ; "fishing for minnows and being one's own master would be much pleasanter than the sort of life I've been leading this many a day."

"Well, keep the secret as to where you get them, and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell ; I wish you joy in your freedom." So saying, he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink <sub>15</sub> of the stream, full of joy and pride.

He went to his master and told him that he had an opportunity for bettering himself, and should not work for him any longer.

The next day he arose with the dawn and went in <sub>20</sub> search of minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy, too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare ; what a life they led him !

They made him troll up the stream for miles ; then, <sub>25</sub> just as he thought his chase was at an end and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water and dart down the stream again, like little silver



arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired, wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.

“But, at any rate,” he said to himself as he lay down in his bed, “though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can order me about, now. I am a free man!”

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard; but on Saturday afternoon, he had caught only fourteen minnows.

But, after all, his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he at length contrived to sell them all, and got exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more. This was certainly not so much as he had expected; and he was dog tired.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Tom Turner," said he to himself, "I've found out this afternoon, and I don't mind your knowing it,—that every one of those customers was your master just the same. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child <sup>s</sup> that came near you — obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was very aggravating."

"True, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path; "I knew you were a man of sense; look you; you are all workingmen; and you must all <sup>10</sup> please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. You must let the work be such as will please the customer."

"All workingmen? How do you make that out?" said Tom, clinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. <sup>15</sup> "Is my master a workingman; and has he a master of his own? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all; he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great works. He has many masters; else why was he nearly ruined last year?" <sup>20</sup>

"He was nearly ruined because he made some new-fangled kinds of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom. "Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow servant, and <sup>25</sup> plagued with very awkward masters. So I should not mind his being my master, and I think I'll go and tell him so."

"I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him you have not been able to better yourself, and you have no objections now to dig up the asparagus bed."

So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventures with the man in green and the fish with the silver tails.

1. In what country did the events of this story take place? Prove your answer.
2. What had Tom been doing for his master? What kind of business did his master have? Why did Tom take to fishing? What did he learn by it?
3. Explain how the head of a big business concern is not his own master. Who is his own master?
4. If you were complaining of your school work and the little man in green appeared, what would he likely advise you to do?

## *22*

## THE FIRST PRINTER

ONE evening in midsummer, nearly five hundred years ago, a stranger arrived in the quaint old town of Haarlem, in the Netherlands. The people eyed him curiously as he trudged down the main street, and there were many guesses as to who he might be. A traveler in those days was a rarity in Haarlem — a thing to be looked at and talked about. This traveler was certainly a man of no great consequence. He was dressed poorly and had neither servant nor horse.

He carried his knapsack on his shoulder, and was covered with dust, as though he had walked far.

He stopped at a little inn close by the market place, and asked for lodging. The landlord was pleased with his looks. He was a young man, bright of eyes and quick of movement. He might have the best room in the house.

"My name," he said, "is John Gutenberg, and my home is in Mayence."

"Ah, in Mayence, is it?" exclaimed the landlord.<sup>10</sup>  
"And why, pray, do you leave that place and come to our good Haarlem?"

"I am a traveler," answered Gutenberg.

"A traveler! And why do you travel?" inquired the landlord.<sup>15</sup>

"I am traveling to learn," was the answer. "I am trying to gain knowledge by seeing the world. I have been to Genoa and Venice and Rome."

"Ah, have you been so far? Surely, you must have seen great things," said the landlord.<sup>20</sup>

"Yes," said Gutenberg; "I have walked through Switzerland and Germany, and now I am on my way to France."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the landlord. "And now, while your supper is being cooked, pray tell<sup>25</sup> me what is the strangest thing you have seen while traveling."

"The strangest thing? Well, I have seen towering

mountains and the great sea ; I have seen savage beasts and famous men ; but nowhere have I seen anything stranger than the ignorance of the common people. Why, they know but little more than their cattle. They know nothing about the country in which they live ; and they have scarcely heard of other lands. Indeed, they are ignorant of everything that has happened in the world."

"I guess you are right," said the landlord ; "but what difference does it make whether they know much or little?"

"It makes a great difference," answered Gutenberg. "So long as the common people are thus ignorant, they are made the dupes of the rich and powerful, who know more. They are kept poor and degraded in order that their lords and masters may live in wealth and splendor. Now, if there were only some way to make books plentiful and cheap, the poorest man might learn to read and thus gain such knowledge as would help him to better his condition. But as things are, it is only the rich who can buy books. Every volume must be written carefully by hand, and the cost of making it is greater than the earnings of any common man for a lifetime."

"Well," said the landlord, "we have a man here in Haarlem who makes books. I don't know how he makes them, but people say that he sells them very cheap. I've heard that he can make as many as ten

in the time it would take a rapid scribe to write one. He calls it *printing*, I think." *JT*

"Who is this man? Tell me where I can find him," cried Gutenberg, now much excited.

"His name is Laurence — Laurence Jaonssen," <sup>s</sup> answered the landlord. "He has been the coster, or sexton, of our church for these forty years, and for that reason everybody calls him Laurence Coster."

"Where does he live? Can I see him?"

"Why, the big house that you see just across the <sup>10</sup> market place is his. You can find him at home at any time; for since he got into this queer business of making books, he never goes out."

The young traveler lost no time in making the acquaintance of Laurence Coster. The old man was <sup>15</sup> delighted to meet with one who was interested in his work. He showed him the books he had printed. He showed him the types and the rude little press that he used. The types were made of pieces of wood that Coster had whittled out with his penknife. <sup>20</sup>

"It took a long time to make them," he said; "but see how quickly I can print a page with them."

He placed a small sheet of paper upon some types which had been properly arranged. With great care he adjusted them all in his press. Then he threw the <sup>25</sup> weight of his body upon a long lever that operated the crude machine.

"See now the printed page," he cried, as he carefully drew the sheet out. "It would have taken hours to write it. I have printed it in as many minutes."

Gutenberg was delighted.

"It was by accident that I discovered it," said old Laurence. "I went out into the woods one afternoon with my grandchildren. There were some beech trees there, and the little fellows wanted me to carve their names on the smooth bark. I did so, for I was always handy with a penknife. Then, while they were running around, I split off some fine pieces of bark and cut the letters of the alphabet upon them — one letter on each piece. I thought they would amuse the baby of the family, and perhaps help him to remember his letters. So I wrapped them in a piece of soft paper and carried them home. When I came to undo the package I was surprised to see the forms of some of the letters distinctly printed on the white paper. It set me to thinking, and at last I thought out this whole plan of printing books."

"And a great plan it is!" cried Gutenberg. "Ever since I was a boy at school I have been trying to invent some such thing."

He asked Laurence Coster a thousand questions, and the old man kindly told him all that he knew.

"Now, indeed, knowledge will fly to the ends of the earth," said the delighted young traveler as he hastened back to his inn. He could scarcely wait to be gone.

The next morning he was off for Strassburg.

At Strassburg young Gutenberg shut himself up in a hired room and began to make sets of type like those which Laurence Coster had shown him. He arranged them in words and sentences. He experimented with them until he was able to print much faster than old Laurence had done.

Finally, he tried types of soft metal and found them better than those of wood. He learned to mix ink so it would not spread when pressed by the type. He made brushes and rollers for applying it evenly and smoothly. He improved this thing and that, until at last he was able to do that which he had so long desired — make a book so quickly and cheaply that even a poor man could afford to buy it.

15

And thus the art of printing was discovered.



1. How were books made before type was invented? How did the invention or discovery come about? Where? Who made it?
  2. Take away the art of printing from us to-day. Discuss the loss. How would our lives be changed?
- 

He who first shortened the labor of copyists by device of movable types was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most kings and senates, and creating a whole new democratic world: he had invented the art of printing.

— *Thomas Carlyle.*

## PANDORA

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

LONG ago when this old world was young, there was a child whose name was Epimetheus. He had neither father nor mother, and in order that he might not be lonely, another child who was also fatherless and motherless was sent to live with him and be his playfellow. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question she asked was this :

10 “Epimetheus, what have you in that box?”

“Pandora, that is a secret,” answered Epimetheus, “and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here for safe keeping, and I don’t know what it contains.”

15 “But who gave it to you? And where did it come from?” asked Pandora.

“That is a secret, too,” answered Epimetheus.

“How provoking!” said Pandora, pouting her lips. “I wish the great ugly box were out of the way.”

20 “What in the world can be inside of it?” she asked again after a few minutes.

“As I have already told you, Pandora, I don’t know,” answered Epimetheus, getting a little vexed.

"Well, you might open it," said Pandora, "and then we could see for ourselves what is in it."

One day Epimetheus went out into the garden leaving Pandora in the house alone. The child could not help looking at the box. She had called it ugly,<sup>5</sup> about a hundred times; but in spite of all that, it was really a very handsome piece of furniture. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood and was so highly polished that Pandora could see her face in it.

The lid of the box was fastened, not by a lock,<sup>10</sup> but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted; and the very difficulty there was in it tempted Pandora to examine it again and again, just to see how it was made.

Her curiosity grew and grew. At length she took<sup>15</sup> the golden knot in her fingers; and almost without knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Suddenly she gave the cord a kind of twist which produced a wonderful result. The knot was loosened as if by magic, and<sup>20</sup> the box was without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew," said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot,<sup>25</sup> but soon found it quite beyond her skill. Nothing could be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

"And how shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?" said Pandora to herself.

As she was looking and pondering she suddenly fancied that she heard small voices within the box.  
She listened. Presently she heard them again and more distinctly. What were they saying?

"Let us out, dear Pandora. Please let us out. We will be good playfellows for you. Let us out!"

"What can it be?" thought Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Well! — yes! — I think I shall take just one peep. Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever."

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew dark and dismal; for a black cloud had swept quite over the sun. But she heeded nothing of this. She lifted the lid nearly upright and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while at the same instant she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

*Epimetheus*  
"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened the box?"

Pandora let fall the lid; but she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, were darting about; and she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes with bats' wings, looking very spiteful and armed with terribly long stings in their tails.

Now if you wish to know what these things were, which had escaped from the box, I will tell you. They were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many Sorrows; there were Diseases in a vast number of shapes; and<sup>5</sup> there were more kinds of Naughtiness than I need to tell you about.

And now, to the great surprise of the children, there came a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

“What can that be?” cried Pandora.<sup>10</sup>

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy’s hand, knocking lightly and playfully.

With one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever<sup>15</sup> she went. She flew to Epimetheus and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and the anguish was gone.

“Who are you?” inquired Pandora.

“I am to be called Hope!” answered the sunshiny<sup>20</sup> figure. “I was sent to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all.”

— *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls (adapted).*

1. What got Pandora in trouble? What do people mean when they speak of “Pandora’s box”? What good thing came from the box?



## HUNTING SONG

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horse and hunting spear !  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green ;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the greenwood haste away;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
 We can show the marks he made,  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
 You shall see him brought to bay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

5

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
 Run a course as well as we;  
 Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,  
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?  
 Think of this and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

10

25

1. Read a line that tells when the events of this story take place.  
 What is being hunted?

2. How was the hunt conducted?



### *OUR COUNTRY*

*O! make Thou us through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.*

— JOHN G. WHITTIER.



INDEPENDENCE BELL (*See opposite page*)

## INDEPENDENCE BELL

THERE was tumult in the city,  
In the quaint old Quaker town,  
And the streets were rife with people  
Pacing restless up and down,  
People gathering at corners,  
Where they whispered each to each,  
And the sweat stood on their temples  
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents  
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,  
So they beat against the State House,  
So they surged against the door ;  
And the mingling of their voices  
Made a harmony profound,  
Till the quiet street of Chestnut  
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” — “Dare they do it?” —  
“Who is speaking?” — “What’s the news?” —  
“What of Adams?” — “What of Sherman?” —  
“O God, grant they won’t refuse!” —  
“Make some way, there!” — “Let me nearer!”  
“I am stifling!” — “Stifle then!  
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,  
We’ve no time to think of men.”

So they beat against the portal —  
 Man and woman, maid and child —  
 And the July sun in heaven  
 On the scene looked down and smiled ;  
 The same sun that saw the Spartan  
5  
 Shed his patriot blood in vain  
 Now beheld the soul of Freedom  
 All unconquered rise again.

Far aloft in that high steeple  
 Sat the bellman, old and gray ;  
10  
 He was weary of the tyrant  
 And his iron-sceptered sway ;  
 So he sat with one hand ready  
 On the clapper of the bell,  
 When his eye should catch the signal,  
15  
 Very happy news to tell.

See ! oh, see ! the dense crowd quivers  
 All along its lengthy line,  
 As the boy beside the portal  
 Hastens forth to give the sign !  
20  
 With his small hands upward lifted,  
 Breezes dallying with his hair,  
 Hark ! with deep, clear intonation  
 Breaks his young voice on the air.



27 Hushed the people's swelling murmur,  
While the boy cries joyously —  
“Ring!” he shouts aloud, “ring, grandpa!  
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!”  
5 Quickly at the given signal  
The old bellman lifts his hand,  
And peals forth the good news, making  
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!

20 How the old bell shook the air,  
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled  
The calm-gliding Delaware!  
How the bonfires and the torches  
Now disturbed the night's repose!  
25 From the flames, like fabled phoenix,  
Beauteous Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,  
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,  
But the spirit it awakened  
Still is living — ever young.

While we greet the smiling sunlight  
 On the Fourth of each July,  
 We will ne'er forget the bellman  
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,  
 Rang out loudly "Independence,"  
 Which, please God, shall never die !

1. Give the time and place of these events. Describe the scene.  
 What was taking place inside Independence Hall?  
 2. What is the Declaration of Independence?

5

## AMERICA

By SIDNEY LANIER

**N**OW praise to God's oft-granted grace,  
 Now praise to man's undaunted face,  
 Despite the land, despite the sea,  
 I was : I am : and I shall be !  
 How long, good angel, oh, how long ?  
 Sing me from heaven a man's own song !  
 "Long as thine art shall love true love,  
 Long as thy science truth shall know,  
 Long as thine eagle harms no dove,  
 Long as thy law by law shall grow,  
 Long as thy god is God above,  
 Thy brother every man below,  
 So long, dear land of all my love,  
 Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow !"

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 copyright 1884, 1891.)

## I AM AN AMERICAN

21

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

I AM an American.

My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution ;  
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.

One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston  
Harbor ;

Another stood his ground with Warren ;  
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.  
My forefathers were America in the making ;  
They spoke in her council halls ;  
They died on her battlefields ;  
They commanded her ships ;  
They cleared her forests.  
Dawns reddened and paled.

Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star  
In the nation's flag.

Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory :  
The sweep of her seas,  
The plenty of her plains,  
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.  
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriot-  
ism.

I am proud of my past.

I am an American.



I am an American.

My father was an atom of dust,  
My mother a straw in the wind,  
To his serene majesty.

One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;      s  
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the  
knout;

Another was killed defending his home during the  
massacres.

The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood      se  
To the palace gate of the Great White Czar.  
But then the dream came —  
The dream of America.

In the light of the Liberty torch  
The atom of dust became a man  
And the straw in the wind became a woman  
For the first time.      1865

“See,” said my father, pointing to the flag that flut-  
tered near.

"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;  
It is the emblem of the promised land.  
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.  
Live for it — die for it!"

s Under the open sky of my new country I swore to  
do so;  
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.  
I am proud of my future.  
I am an American.

1. Who were the ancestors of the first American that speaks? What were the names of some of the early settlers and founders of America? Read aloud each line of the first speaker and tell what each means.

2. Read the first line of the speech of the second American. Where did his ancestors come from? Where did his father and mother go? What does the flag mean to him? Explain lines 2-4 and 14-17, page 386.

3. What is the lesson the author wishes to teach us?

---

Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's.

— SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII.*



## LITTLE ATHENS' MESSAGE

By ANNA DOAN STEPHENS

LITTLE ATHENS was not his real name. People called him this because he was born in the famous old Greek city of that name, far across the great ocean. He was quite a small boy when he and his father, alone now, came to make their home in America.

The father found plenty of work to do as a gardener, and was quite well satisfied with his lot in life. They lived in the coachman's neat cottage in the rear of Miss Grace's home, and when school opened in September, Little Athens was one of the first pupils to apply for admittance.

Miss Grace had helped Little Athens in learning English. She found him so well prepared in arithmetic, geography, and history that he was equal to those of the upper grammar grades. In history he was happiest, for to him this subject was a fascinating story of the people who lived as neighbors one to

another, all around the earth. When his turn came to recite, his English flowed easily as he told of this great hero or that, or of the time when his Grecian ancestors were mighty upon the earth.

5 The teacher wished to help Little Athens overcome his timidity and his broken English. One day she assigned as his work for the next lesson to tell the class something of Greece.

"Of the Old Greece, Miss Ward?"

10 "Of the Greece you most care for. Tell us the best thing you know of your country." Little Athens fairly beamed!

After school each day he was busy caring for the lawn and running errands for Miss Grace and her  
15 mother. Then, for one happy hour before bedtime, with their little prints and few books the father and son took wonderful trips through poetry, pictures, and stories, back to the old, old city of Athens.

One night the father began in the pure Greek they  
20 always used together: "Son, I have wished as you grew older to tell you a message from your country. I have waited until you can appreciate it."

They talked together long. After he had gone to bed Little Athens repeated to himself the message  
25 which had come to him from his country.

The next day Miss Ward called for his assignment in history. The boy arose before his class.

"Boys and girls, I thought yesterday of how happy

I would be to-day, for I could tell you of some great warrior or grand conquest in the old land of my birth. Whenever I do, I think I help you forget I am a Greek immigrant and that you are all trying to help me. I think you may admire in the greatness of my country <sup>s</sup> of the past some of the power of war which you like so much in your American heroes. I think I can help you to forget that I am 'Little Athens' who came over in the steerage and to remember that I am just another boy, whose country was once grand and powerful too. <sup>10</sup> Miss Ward asked me to tell you the best I knew from Greece, so I give you this message of which I am growing more proud every hour.

"In Athens, long ago, boys, when they became my age, were taught a pledge. They repeated it each day, <sup>15</sup> and believed in and tried to live by the vow. Fathers taught their sons, who, growing up, gave it in turn to their own boys. Each helped make the pledge true until Athens became 'Athens the Beautiful.'

#### "PLEDGE OF THE ATHENIAN YOUTHS

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by <sup>20</sup> any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our comrades; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in others; we will <sup>25</sup> strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of



civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we may transmit this city, greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.'

"I am away from Greece. The country of my father's books and stories does not live to-day. But I wish to do the best my land has taught her sons. You are my friends, this is my state, and here is my own city. So every day, like a Greek youth true to his own Athens, I will say this pledge for Junction City."

With head high he began — "I will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice," — slowly and clearly he continued, closing — "And I, Little Athens, may help to 'transmit this city, greater, better, more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.' Miss Ward, this is the best I have learned from Greece."

27 The children sat silent a minute. Miss Ward was not thinking of her charge's English. One of the boys began — "Oh, Miss Ward, may he teach it to us?"

A girl continued, "And it's for girls too, isn't it?"

With Little Athens' dictation it was written on the board. Now, the pupils of this school had an organ-

ization with duly elected officers. They were installed that week, and the president's address, much to the surprise of the Greek lad, told of the Athenian pledge. A motion was carried that it be taken for their motto.

After school two of the biggest boys caught Little<sup>s</sup> Athens, put him on their shoulders, and carried him at the head of a crowd, down the street. Nine "Rahs for Little Athens" rent the air.

Surely the little Greek was at home in their — yes, in his own — city.

10

1. Read and re-read the Athenian pledge till you know it by heart. It contains only ten lines.

2. How did Miss Ward's school use the pledge? How can you and your class use it?

10

## GIVE US MEN!

BY THE BISHOP OF EXETER

**G**IVE us men !  
 Men from every rank,  
 Fresh and free and frank ;  
 Men of thought and reading,  
 Men of light and leading,  
 Men of loyal breeding,  
 The nation's welfare speeding ;  
 Men of faith and not of faction,  
 Men of lofty aim and action :  
 Give us men — I say again,  
 Give us men !

5

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Give us men !

Strong and stalwart ones ;

Men whom highest hope inspires,

Men whom purest honor fires,

5 Men who trample self beneath them,

Men who make their country wreath them

As her noble sons,

Worthy of their sires ;

Men who never shame their mothers,

10 Men who never fail their brothers,

True, however false are others ;

Give us men — I say again,

Give us men !

1. What kind of men are wanted? In answering this, read each line of the poem and write down an adjective of your own that gives the idea expressed.

2. For what are these men wanted? What can they do in the world? Why does this poem fit in the section "Our Country"?

3. Whom do you know in American history that fills the description of the kind of men needed? Give reasons for your answer.

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Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.



— Abraham Lincoln.



## THE MAKERS OF THE FLAG

By FRANKLIN K. LANE

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday, straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that

mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier of Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

5 I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give 25 her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our 20 race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

25 "I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone, from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that

big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so, out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

1. Who does the talking in this selection? Who makes the flag? How do *you* help make it?

2. Read aloud to the class the passage that you like best. Tell what it means to you.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O H, SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming?

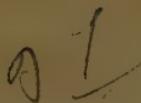
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
streaming!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still  
there:

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

1. If you do not know the stanza, memorize it. Sing it with your classmates. Try to find how Key came to write it.



## MY COUNTRY

I LOVE my country's pine-clad hills,  
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,  
Her sunshine and her storms ;  
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear  
Their hoary heads high in the air,  
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers deep and wide,  
Those mighty streams that seaward glide,  
To seek the ocean's breast ;  
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,  
Her shady dells, her flowery dales —  
Abodes of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,  
For there the wild bird's merry tone  
I hear from morn till night ;  
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,  
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen  
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,  
Her flowers that scent the morning air,  
All have their charms for me ;  
But more I love my country's name,  
Those words that echo deathless fame —  
The Land of Liberty.

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## A FEW GOOD BOOKS

FOLLOWING is a list of books that ought to make an appeal to you. All of them contain stories that you will enjoy reading. May you make their acquaintance shortly.

Baker's *The Children's Books of Poetry*

Baldwin's *American Book of Golden Deeds*

Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*

Baldwin's *Old Greek Stories*

Baldwin's *Stories of the King*

Barrie's *Peter and Wendy*

Carpenter's *Geographical Readers*

Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*

Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass*

Cooke's *Stories of the Old Dominion*

Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*

Dickens's *A Child's History of England*

Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*

Eggerton's *Stories of Great Americans*

Fabre's *Insect Adventures*

Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*

Guerber's *Story of the Thirteen Colonies*

Harris's *Uncle Remus Stories*

Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair*

Hawthorne's *The Snow Image*

Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*

Hawthorne's *Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales*

Kipling's *Jungle Books*

Lagerlöf's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*

Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha*

Lucas's *Book of Verses for Children*

Luther's *Trading and Exploring*

Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*

Moran's *Kwahu, The Hopi Indian Boy*

Musick's *Stories of Missouri*

Nixon-Roulet's *Indian Folk Tales*

Powers's *Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children*

Pyle's *Men of Iron*

Pyle's *Robin Hood*

Sewell's *Black Beauty*

Skinner's *Tales and Plays of Robin Hood*

Turner's *Our Common Friends and Foes*

Walker's *Our Birds and Their Nestlings*

Wilde's *The Happy Prince and Other Stories*







